The Outlook

AUGUST 18, 1920

MR. COX'S SPEECH OF ACCEPTANCE

ABOUT one-third of Mr. Cox's speech in accepting the Democratic nomination is devoted to the League. The issue between the Democratic and the Republican party on that subject is now fairly joined. Mr. Harding has made it clear that whatever action he takes in international affairs will be taken in cooperation with the Senate, that he promises "formal and effective peace so quickly as a Republican Congress can pass its declaration for a Republican Executive to sign," and when that peace has been secured he will propose, with the advice of the Senate, a new approach to the nations of Europe providing for mutual understanding with them, but one which cannot possibly be misinterpreted as a pledge that this Nation will take part in any wars under any circumstances except as it may freely decide for itself that duty demands such action. Mr. Cox makes it equally clear that he does not believe in "party government," that he does believe in personal government; and to this conception of the Presidency as it has been interpreted by Mr. Wilson in his later years he formally and solemnly dedicates himself if elected, and he accepts the Wilson League and declares for its immediate ratification with two clarifying amendments: one, that its object is to secure peace, not controversy; the other, that it does not pledge the United States to do what the Constitution prohibits. We think it fairly clear that if Mr. Cox and the Democratic party are elected, with a two-thirds majority in the Senate agreeing to Mr. Cox's policy, America will become a member of the present League and will be represented in its Executive Council officially by an appointee of the Democratic President; that if Mr. Harding and the Republican party are elected, then either by a call of the Hague Conference or by some other method the country will approach the nations now in the League with a proposal to make the basis of international relations judicial not diplomatic in its character and more in harmony with the spirit of the Hague plan than with that of the Versailles plan.

Upon other points Mr. Cox's speech has more the aspect of a programme, Mr. Harding's more the aspect of a platform of principles. This is what we should expect; the programme from the candidate who believes in Presidential government, the platform of principles from the candidate who believes in party government. They both advocate repeal of war taxes and vigorous dealing with "sinister profiteering." They both believe in more attention to the Americanization of aliens and an end of the restrictions on freedom of press and speech made necessary by the war, but a vigorous enforcement of the law against lawbreakers and inciters to lawlessness; and both apparently agree to the right of labor to strike, but not in such combination or under such circumstances as to put in jeopardy the public welfare. We do not find in Mr. Harding's statement anything equivalent to Mr. Cox's recommendation of

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GOVERNOR COX AND FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT REVIEWING THE NOTIFICATION PARADE

"a definite and precise statement of policy as to what business men and workingmen may do and may not do by way of combination and collective action." English statute law furnishes such a statement, American statute law does not.

Both parties recognize a need for legislation in protection and promotion of the farmer's interests. Mr. Cox adds the encouraging statement that "there are more home-owners in America than ever before;" but he gives no figures in confirmation or illustration of his statement. It is natural for him to regard as unfair the criticisms of the Federal operation of railways during the war; but apparently he regards the return to private ownership as experimental. It is also perhaps natural for him to claim for the Democratic party all the credit for the Federal Reserve Banking Act, the credit for which history will divide between the two parties. The credit for bringing this system under the control of the Government is, however, due to the Democratic party. He urges promptness and efficiency in the rehabilitation of the disabled soldiers, but is silent respecting the question of a universal pension act.

A CONTRAST AND A CRITICISM

IT will be seen from this brief review of Mr. Cox's speech compared with the speeches of Mr. Harding and Mr. Coolidge that the most apparent issue between the two candidates and the parties which they represent are two. Mr. Cox believes in personal government and something approximating a federation of nations under an executive council with what certainly approaches war powers. Mr. Harding believes in party government and a league having for its object the interpretation of international law, but without any approximation to war powers of any description.

The impartial critic will recognize in Mr. Cox's address the clearness of statement which naturally goes with belief in personal government. But he will also criticise Mr. Cox's statement for its bitter partisanship at some points in his address and for his suggestion by innuendo of charges which he has not ventured to make explicit.

We are unable to see any basis for Mr. Cox's charge that a "creed of hate and bitterness" possesses the Republican platform, or that the fear that our Nation may be drawn into war by the Wilson League is a hypocritical fear, or that millions have been gathered by the Republican party for corrupt purposes in the political campaign. And the extraordinary statement that after two years of Republican control of legislation the Republican Congress "has not made a single effort or passed a single law to lift from the American people a load of war taxation that cannot be tolerated in a time of peace" has already elicited from the Republican Committee the reply that the present Congress has "in a little more than a year of its existence reduced the appropriations for Government by $2,414,115,144.13." Naturally the Republican party leaves a readjustment of the method of collecting revenue until it has possession of the executive as well as the legislative branch of the Government. To attempt, for example, to raise any portion of the amount by a tariff would be almost sure

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to provoke a veto from the Democratic President and would be a waste of time.

MR. FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT'S ACCEPTANCE SPEECH

As every one expected, Franklin Roosevelt's speech of August 9, accepting the Democratic Vice-Presidential nomination, is an attractive effort. It must have been doubly so to those who heard it at Springwood, the Roosevelt country home at Hyde Park on the Hudson, a setting more beautiful and impressive than the scenes surrounding the other candidates as they have delivered their speeches of acceptance. Then, also, Mr. Roosevelt—one of the most engaging figures in the younger generation now in active politics—has the advantage of a certain youthful buoyancy of utterance joined to a balanced maturity of speech.

His latest utterance will disappoint only those who look to it for something markedly individual and original. True, Mr. Roosevelt refers to the phrase "international complications" as a "devil's catch-word," and perhaps it is to some minds. But that does not get us very far. True, he calls his colleague on the Presidential ticket "an engineer-statesman." Certainly we need more engineers in public life. But as applied to Governor Cox the expression is not more apt than it would be as applied to many another man.

The speaker's sudden perception of the Cox quality is phrased in these words:

> He who is our selection for the Presidency, and who is my chief and yours, is a man possessed of ideals which are also mine. He will give to America that kind of leadership which will make us respect him and bring further greatness to our land.

The speech is properly in harmony with Governor Cox's. But many of his friends hoped that Mr. Roosevelt would reply more satisfactorily than did Mr. Cox to the issue between a Wilson personal administrative government and a party constitutional government, as emphasized by both Senator Harding and Governor Coolidge in their speeches of acceptance.

In its reference to the League of Nations the speech is along the lines of President Wilson's arguments on that subject. It repeats, as in an invocation, familiar statements concerning international comity, our responsibilities and duties in that regard. Mr. Roosevelt gives his reasons for believing in the League, and puts them without bitterness or reproach.

We quote herewith one paragraph from Mr. Roosevelt's speech as an admirable example of how a man may rise above party questions even at a party function:

> We have passed through a great war—an armed conflict which called forth every effort on the part of the whole population. The war was won by Republicans as well as by Democrats. Men of all parties served in our armed forces. Men and women of all parties served the Government at home. They strived honestly as Americans, not as mere partisans. Republicans and Democrats alike worked in administrative positions, raised Liberty Loans, administered food control, toiled in munitions plants, built ships. The war was brought to a successful conclusion by a glorious common effort—one which in the years to come will be a National pride. I feel very certain that our children will come to regard our participation as memorable for the broad honor and honesty which marked it, for the absence of unfortunate scandal, and for the splendid unity of action which extended to every portion of the Nation.

The subject which Mr. Roosevelt treats perhaps most persuasively is the need for reorganization in the Government. He has had experience with the present wasteful methods, and he therefore speaks with authority. That the Governmental departments need complete reorganization was emphatically stated by Secretary Lane on his retirement from the Cabinet. Most voters will like Mr. Roosevelt's frankness, but we wonder whether most voters will not consider his statement as an argument for the election of the Republican rather than the Democratic ticket.

WITH THE REPUBLICANS IN NEW YORK STATE

The New York State primary law makes no provision for party conventions for the nomination of candidates. The only legal method by which a candidate can secure a place upon the ballot is by a petition signed by a specified number of enrolled voters.

This fact, however, has not deterred either the Republican or Democratic party leaders in New York State from calling an unofficial convention for the adoption of a party platform and for a discussion of the advisability of designating candidates favored by the convention for a place upon the primary ballot.

The Republican convention, held in the last week of July, was composed of delegates in a large measure hand picked by the organization. It promptly decided in favor of designating an entire State ticket. The indications are that this ticket was very clearly formulated in the minds of the party leaders before being placed before the delegates for their rubber-stamp approval. Prominent among the leaders who played a deciding part in the deliberations of this convention were several whom the younger and more liberal element in the party have classified as belonging emphatically to the Old Guard.

There is nothing in the law which forbids such conventions as the New York Republicans and Democrats have held, and it is perhaps advisable for party leaders to foregather for counsel and advice at the approach of an election campaign. The designation of a party ticket is not a violation of the letter of the primary law, though there are those who feel that it is a violation of its spirit. Certainly every candidate who dissents from the conclusions of such an unofficial convention has a perfect right to appeal to the voters themselves directly for support, nor should his party loyalty be questioned in any way if he decides upon such a course. The fact that the unofficial convention of the Republican party has designated certain candidates for office should in no way affect the procedure of other candidates who still desire to run for office. It is possible, indeed, that one of the candidates defeated for the gubernatorial designation, Francis M. Hugo, at present Secretary of State, may take his appeal directly to the enrolled party voters.

The unofficial State convention designated as candidate for Senator the senior Senator from New York, James W. Wadsworth, Jr. Mr. Wadsworth is one of the ablest men in the Senate, but his affiliation with the reactionary element in New York State politics and his sincere opposition to prohibition and woman suffrage will not tend to make him, in our opinion, a popular candidate. If he is nominated, however, he should be supported by all those who happen to hold with the Republican way of thinking in regard to the Treaty and opposed by all those who do not. That is the paramount issue so far as the candidates for the Senate are concerned. For Governor the unofficial convention of the Republican party designated Nathan L. Miller, an ex-Judge of the Court of Appeals and an attorney whose work has been largely in connection with corporation finance. Mr. Miller is a clean and able citizen, but whether his designation has been politically wise remains yet to be seen. During the pre-convention campaign of candidates for the Presidency Judge Miller gave his support to Herbert Hoover.

The Republican gubernatorial candidate will probably not have an easy time in the next election, for the chances are that he will be opposed by the most popular Democratic Governor whom New York has had in recent years. Governor Smith will be a hard man to beat under any circumstances.

THE DEMOCRATS ALSO UNOFFICIALLY CONVENE

Following the Republican Convention at Saratoga, that historic political campaign ground was taken over by the New York State Democracy. The

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

AS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

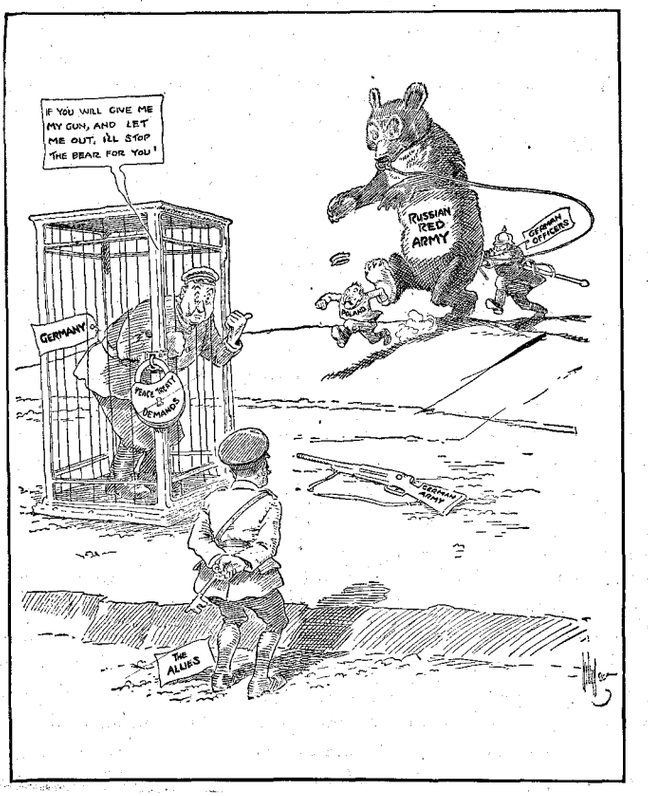
(See offer on page 685)

Reid in the Spokesman-Review, Spokane, Washington

IT'S A WISE DOG THAT KNOWS WHEN ITS MASTER WISHES TO BE FOLLOWED

From C. H. Boynton, Seattle, Wash.

From the Columbus Dispatch


IF YOU WILL GIVE ME MY GUN, AND LET ME OUT, I'LL STOP THE BEAR FOR YOU!
RUSSIAN RED ARMY
GERMAN OFFICERS
GERMANY
PEACE TREATY DEMANDS
GERMAN ARMY
THE ALLIES

A CHANCE TO MAKE A BARGAIN

From M. E. Harvey, Columbus, Ohio

Pease in the Newark Evening News

TO PUT HIM ON HIS FEET

From Mathilda M. Klinger, West Orange, N. J.

Thomas in the Detroit News

A SURE WAY TO GET THE FARMER'S VOTE

From Mrs. R. J. Nilis, Detroit, Mich.

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New York State Democracy, unlike its Republican opponent, held up its hand in horror at the thought of designating a State ticket for the approval of voters at the primary. No, indeed, such a plan was in direct violation of the spirit of the primary law, and therefore the New York State Democracy in convention assembled did not designate a ticket—it merely suggested one. A debate on the difference between these two systems would seem to us to be about as profitable as a renewal of the mediæval debate concerning the number of angels that can stand on the point of a needle.

The Democratic slate, as suggested by the convention, named, as was to be expected, Alfred E. Smith for renomination as Governor; for United States Senator, Harry C. Walker, now Lieutenant-Governor of New York. The convention also manifested very considerable political astuteness in suggesting a woman for the office of Secretary of State. She is Miss Harriet M. Mills, of Onondaga. The platform of this unofficial Democratic State convention calls for an amendment to the Volstead Act which will permit the manufacture of 2.75 beer. It also called for the recognition of the Irish Republic. Neither of these matters can be affected by any action of the New York State Democracy. Both planks are probably designed as vote catchers in a State which has a large Irish element, and half of whose population is within the metropolitan area. The platform rightly and justifiably condemned the Republican Assembly for its effort to enact the repressive Lusk Bills, which the readers of The Outlook will remember have been fully described in its columns.

OTHER POLITICAL NEWS

DURING the pre-Convention campaign for the Presidential nomination it was said that Governor Allen, of Kansas, was not politically available as a candidate for the Presidency because of his attitude towards labor during the strike in the Kansas coal-fields. It would certainly seem evident, however, that Governor Allen has not lost his popularity in his own State, for he has been renominated for Governor in the Republican primaries with a plurality over the opposition of some 125,000 votes. Union labor leaders in Kansas and the Non-Partisan League, which is seeking a foothold in the Sunflower State, both threw what influence they possess against the present Governor. News despatches report that Governor Allen carried every county in the State except Crawford, in which the coal-fields are located, and which he lost by a very narrow margin. United States Senator Charles Curtis was also renominated, as were the present Republican members of Congress from Kansas.

In Missouri, in both the Republican and Democratic parties, "dry" candidates were nominated for the Governorship—Arthur M. Hyde on the Republican ticket and John M. Atkinson on the Democratic ticket. It appears that Breckinridge Long, Third Assistant Secretary of State, has secured the Democratic nomination for Senator over Henry S. Priest, who was strongly supported by Senator James A. Reed. Senator Reed is, as is well known, a fighting opponent of the League of Nations.

In Oklahoma the principal contest in the primaries lay in the fight between Senator Gore and Scott Ferris for the Democratic nomination for Senator. This fight Mr. Ferris won. Mr. Ferris, at present a Representative from Oklahoma in Congress, in the course of the pre-primary campaign vehemently attacked Senator Gore for his war record and for his opposition to the League. This Oklahoma State election was the first in which women voted.

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THE CATHEDRAL AT WARSAW, NOW MENACED BY THE BOLSHEVIKI

THE CRISIS IN POLAND

CONFLICTING reports from European centers make it difficult to understand the military situation in Poland. According to some reports, the Red armies of the Russian Bolsheviki were almost certain to capture Warsaw, Poland's capital, in a few days. According to other reports, the Poles, if they proved amenable to competent advice, were in a position to defend Warsaw indefinitely.

It was not even clear from the despatches what the movements of the Bolshevist troops were. In general, it seems that the Bolsheviki, instead of proceeding directly from the east, were driving to the northwestward to cut Warsaw from the coast, leaving Warsaw thus in a wedge, and then were preparing to make another attack from the south, thus enveloping Warsaw on three fronts.

Meantime, on August 10 it was expected that delegates from the Polish Government would on the next day engage in a conference at Minsk with Bolshevist delegates. Under the circumstances, the Poles would have to be suppliants. Talk about a possible armistice had been current for many days. Indeed, it seemed at one time just after August 1 that an armistice was about to be concluded.

Great concern over the situation has been evident in both British and French Government circles. Naturally the French are eager for making resistance to the Bolsheviki and upholding Poland. The

Wide World Photos

CAPTURED BOLSHEVIST SOLDIERS—THE TYPE OF MEN WHO ARE OVERRUNNING POLAND AT PRESENT

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French Premier, M. Millerand, was for several days in conference with Mr. Lloyd George at Hythe, England. The very suggestion that England and France aid Poland aroused great antagonism from organized British labor. Leaders of labor threatened that if the British Government took any warlike action against the Bolsheviki there would be a paralyzing nation-wide strike. On August 10, in the House of Commons, Mr. Lloyd George, who in the course of his speech appealed to America in behalf of Poland's independence, declared that there was no intention of sending troops to Poland, but that substantial Allied stores were available near Poland which could be shipped there if the Poles and Russians failed to agree; that Poland's resources were ample if they could be organized; that while Russia was justified in exacting guarantees for the preservation of peace, she was not justified in wiping out Poland's national existence; finally, that the peace of Europe would be endangered if Soviet Russia extended her boundaries so that they would be contiguous with Germany's.

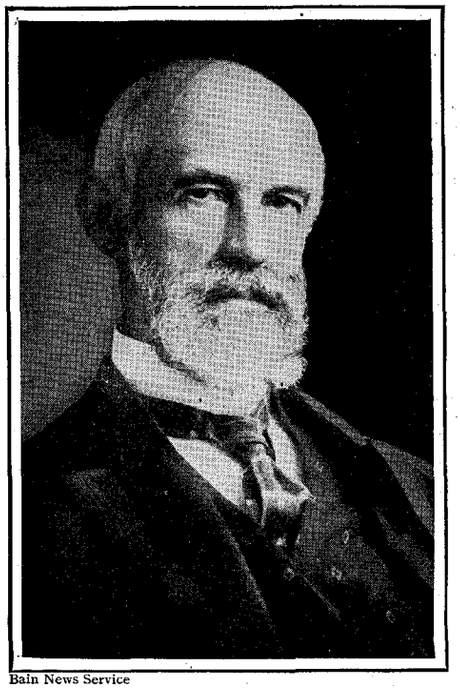
All this time Krassin and Kameneff, representing the Russian Bolsheviki, have been in London, and during a part of the time have been in conference with Lloyd George.

It seems as if the British, and particularly the British labor leaders, had learned nothing from their experience with Germany. Pacifism was Germany's strongest weapon both before and during the war. It was by pacifism she kept Great Britain off her guard; it was by pacifism she tried to keep the Allies from waging war effectively; and it was by pacifism that she succeeded in causing the collapse of Russia. Now it is by pacifism that the Bolsheviki, while engaging in the most violent kind of war themselves, are keeping Poland isolated. And it is not the least sinister aspect of the whole situation that along the East Prussian frontier Germans are, it is said, finding their way into Russia to help the Red armies.

Elsewhere we discuss the concern that America has in this emergency.

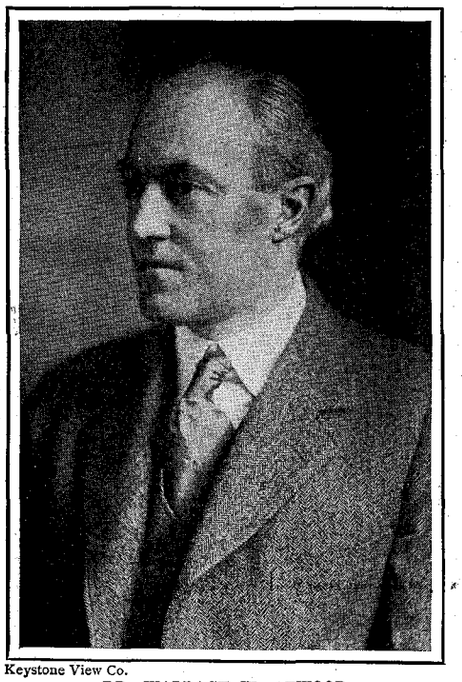
THE RESIGNATION OF PRESIDENT STANLEY HALL

CLARK UNIVERSITY, at Worcester, Massachusetts, is distinctly a seat of learning; it was the first solely graduate and research institution to be established in America. At its head stood President Granville Stanley Hall, who has been well called the "father of American psychology." In 1882 he established the first laboratory for experimental psychology in the United States at the Johns Hopkins University, and had such men as



Bain News Service
DR. G. STANLEY HALL

Dewey, Cattell, and Jastrow as students. The same year he started the "American Journal of Psychology," the first American journal devoted to the subject. In 1891 he organized the American Psychological Association and was its first President. His books "Adolescence," "Educational Problems," "Jesus the Christ in the Light of Psychology," "Founders of Modern Psychology," and others revealed him to readers throughout the world (for his works have been translated into French, German, Russian, and Japanese) as a great leader blazing new trails in the intellectual forests. Those trails to-day are highways in the university world. His students will agree, we think, that he has been to them intellectually a singularly stimulating personality. A friend said of him the other day: "His is no single-track mind; it is a regular cosmopolitan railway terminal, with twenty or thirty tracks over which hundreds of trains are daily coming and going."



Keystone View Co.
DR. WALLACE W. ATWOOD

In 1888 Dr. Hall organized Clark University on the principle of the autonomy of departments, especially making it the leader in America in the growing study of psychology. At the age of seventy-four, he now retires to devote the remainder of his life to writing. As university president his record for length of service has, we believe, been but twice surpassed—by Dr. Eliot at Cambridge and by Dr. Angell at Ann Arbor. As to accomplishment, Clark University, it is claimed, has turned out more original research than has any other university of its size in the country.

The new President is to be Dr. Wallace Walter Atwood, Professor of Physiography at Harvard University since 1913. He was educated at the University of Chicago, was an instructor at the Lewis Institute there and at the Chicago Institute, is a director of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, and was Assistant Professor of Physiography at the University of Chicago before going to Harvard. As President Hall built up a great department of psychology at Worcester when psychology was a new science, so Dr. Atwood believes that there is need of a special center for the study and research of modern geography, and hopes to build up at Worcester a department in geography along the newer economic and commercial lines.

A TEMPTATION IT WOULD REQUIRE SUPERLATIVE VIRTUE TO WITHSTAND

PRESIDENT WILSON has said that the President's control of foreign relations is "very absolute;" that, although the Constitution gives him power to make treaties only "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate," he can in fact "guide every step of diplomacy, and to guide diplomacy is to determine what treaties *must be made* if the faith and prestige of the Government are to be maintained."

The question whether the negotiation of treaties should be intrusted to the Congress, or to the Senate, or to the President alone, or to the President in co-operation with the Senate, was discussed in the Constitutional Convention of 1787, and the plan of co-operation was finally adopted. Subsequently Alexander Hamilton in a paper in the "Federalist" (No. LXXIV) pointed out the serious

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dangers to the country which would be involved if the Constitution gave to the President the absolute control of foreign relations which President Wilson claimed in his Columbia University lectures and has endeavored to exercise in his Administration. The following paragraph from Hamilton's paper deserves the thoughtful consideration of the citizens of the United States in the present election:

> However proper or safe it may be in governments where the executive magistrate is a hereditary monarch to commit to him the entire power of making treaties, it would be utterly unsafe and improper to intrust that power to an elective magistrate for four years' duration. It has been remarked upon another occasion—and the remark is unquestionably just—that a hereditary monarch, though often the oppressor of his people, has personally too much at stake in the government to be in any material danger of being corrupted by foreign Powers. But a man raised from the station of a private citizen to the rank of chief magistrate, possessed of but a moderate or slender fortune, and looking forward to a period not very remote when he may probably be obliged to return to the station from which he was taken, might sometimes be under temptations to sacrifice his duty to his interest, which it would require superlative virtue to withstand. An avaricious man might be tempted to betray the interests of the State to the acquisition of wealth. An ambitious man might make his own aggrandizement, by that aid of a foreign Power, the price of his treachery to his constituents. The history of human conduct does not warrant that exalted opinion of human virtue which would make it wise in a nation to commit interests of so delicate and momentous a kind as those which concern its intercourse with the rest of the world to the sole disposal of a magistrate created and circumstanced as would be a President of the United States.

We may add that if the President of the United States should possess the sovereign powers which the Constitution has refused to give him, but which President Wilson and Mr. Cox think he may nevertheless exert by making promises in the name of the country which afterwards the country will feel bound in honor to fulfill, a President might be tempted to pursue that course by a temptation more subtle than either avarice or ambition. The mere exercise of unrestrained power is a delight to certain natures. Responsibility appalls some men, but exhilarates and even intoxicates others. It is quite conceivable that a man of this temperament might find himself in the President's chair. Without being conscious of any "treachery to his constituents," he might regard his Cabinet as not a political but only an executive council, and its members not as his advisers but only as secretaries to carry out his will; he might object to their acting in case of his absence because of sickness or public duties which called him from Washington, might resent the advice of any man whose mind did not run in concurrence with his own, might disregard the counsels of the Senate if the Constitution did not require his co-operation with that body, and might even ignore the public opinion of the country as expressed in a general election, and, excited by the applause of the other nations, might fail to safeguard adequately the interests of his own; and he might have political influence enough to secure the nomination of a successor, pledged, if elected, to do all in his power to fulfill the promises embodied in a treaty which neither the legislative branch of the Government nor the people at large approved. In such a case, if the people should acquiesce, the spirit of the American Constitution, which is undoubtedly intended to secure self-government, might be radically changed without their knowing it. For it must be remembered that treaties are a part of the supreme law of the land, and that if the President should possess an absolute control of our foreign relations he would possess an absolute power to enact at times certain portions of that supreme law.

It is also well for us to remember that a change in the Constitution may be wrought by a precedent acquiesced in by the people as truly as by the action of Congresses and legislatures, or by the act of a Constitutional Convention.

WHAT IS POLAND TO US?

THE Russian armies under Bolshevist control are, as we write, in a fair way to crush Poland. Unless other nations come to the succor of Poland and help her to resist and beat back the advance of the Bolsheviki, or at least give her such promise of aid that the Bolsheviki will be glad to make peace on tolerable terms, it is possible that Poland may virtually cease to be independent. For generations Poles have dreamed of reviving their nation; and now, when they have scarcely achieved independence, they face peril of national extinction.

Sympathy with Poland is very general in America. But sympathy with a nation at war is not sufficient of itself to warrant our interference. In the war between Italy and Turkey sympathy in America was widespread with Italy. No one in America, however, of any public influence dreamed of proposing that America should become Italy's comrade in arms. In the war between Japan and Russia sympathy in America was overwhelming with Japan. No responsible authority or responsible guide of public opinion, however, had any thought of suggesting that America should become Japan's ally. To-day, on the other hand, there is serious discussion of the question whether it is not America's duty to take some part in the struggle between Poland and the Bolsheviki and to come with supplies or arms or men to the succor of Poland.

If sympathy alone were the cause of this feeling on the part of Americans that they have something to do with this Polish situation, it would be comparatively easy to end the discussion. In the first place, there are other countries which have a claim upon our sympathy quite as great as that which Poland may have. Armenia, for instance, certainly needs aid, and traditionally looks to America for the support which she has not been able to get from nearer neighbors. Moreover, Poland is not free from all blame herself, for she has forfeited largely the confidence of her next-door neighbor, Czechoslovakia, by what she has done in Teschen, and she has been, to say the least, unwise in her military adventures toward the East. What is even more significant is the fact that her government under Pilsudski has incurred the suspicion of being under the dominance of Germany, and has failed to show common sense on critical occasions. A good many people who have sympathy for Poland are not sure that they have sympathy with her.

Nevertheless, America is vitally concerned with the situation in Poland in a way in which she was not concerned in the Turco-Italian or the Russo-Japanese War. Americans may not generally realize why they feel this; but the fact is that they do feel it. Our purpose here is to point out some reasons why.

This is not a new war. It is in fact a continuation of the fighting that began in the World War and has as yet not once ceased. In that war America participated, and to the object of that war on the part of her allies America devoted the lives of her men. Though our Allies have made peace with their chief enemy, and though American armies are no longer fighting, the object of the war has not been irrevocably secured. As long as that is true America cannot remain wholly unconcerned.

In this fighting in eastern Europe the fate of two nations to whom we are attached by our common experience in war against a common enemy is at stake. These two nations are Russia and Poland. They are now at the mercy of two foes of the free nations of the earth. These two foes have not yet openly combined, but they are working to a common end. Whether they succeed in combining will depend largely upon the outcome of the present fighting. These two foes alike of the

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free nations and of both Russia and Poland are the Germans and the Bolsheviki. The Germans, though nominally forming a republic, are as yet unreconstructed. The Bolsheviki, though nominally Russians, are as hostile to the Russian nation as they are to every other nation, and are oppressors of the Russian people. Though the rulers of Germany and the oppressors of Russia have conflicting interests, they have one common object—the destruction of Poland. Ever since their rise to power the Bolsheviki have been virtual allies of Germany. The fact that the Bolsheviki thought they could use the Germans as their tools and the Germans thought they could use the Bolsheviki as their tools has been the very cause of their alliance. Against this alliance Poland is the chief bulwark. The destruction of that bulwark would mean the opportunity for the amalgamation of the Germans and the Bolsheviki. Whether that amalgamation means the absorption of Russia by German economic power or the absorption of Germany by the Bolshevist power, the outcome would be alike disastrous for the free nations of Europe and would be a menace to America. In either case, both Poland and Russia would be at the mercy of a power as ambitious and ruthless as the Potsdam Gang.

Moreover, we have an unfulfilled debt both to Russia and to Poland.

For nearly three years without our aid Russia was fighting our war. If to-day Russia finds herself struggling against disintegration, it is because of what Germany, our enemy, did to her while we stood idly by. When we came in, moreover, we failed to do what we might have done to save Russia from the forces of disintegration which Germany had let loose upon her. Lenine and some of his colleagues were the paid agents of Germany. The fact that they thought they were making use of Germany does not alter the fact that Germany made use of them. These pacifist prophets of anarchy, terrorism, and tyranny accomplished in Russia just what Germany wished them to accomplish. They destroyed Russia as a fighting enemy of Germany, and but for the erection of Poland laid Russia open to Germany's march to the East. The Russians who hate Bolshevism because they love Russia do not want Germany to exploit their country; but they have no means of resisting the Germans if once the Germans get control of the resources now in the hands of the Bolsheviki. Among those resources are munitions which America helped to pour into Russia and which the Bolsheviki are now using against the Poles. Even if we had no sense of moral obligation to Russia, we ought to see that it is to the interest of America that Russia shall not be so enfeebled that she would fall the prey to either Bolshevism, Germany, or whatever power dominates Asia.

To Poland, as well as to Russia, we are indebted. This is not chiefly because, like Belgium, Poland has been a battleground for the German armies. It is because neither our promises nor our purposes have been fulfilled, or will be fulfilled, so long as Poland remains in peril. Our promises with regard to Poland were made by our spokesman, the President. Whether he ought to have made such promises or not is a question which we shall not here discuss. It is debatable, to say the least, whether it was wise or morally justifiable for the President to announce a scheme of territorial and other arrangements as among the objects for which America was fighting instead of concentrating the minds of the people on the one common object of frustrating the purposes of a lawless and criminal nation. Wise or not, the announcement was made, and the Poles were led to believe that one of the reasons why America was willing to fight was in order that Poland should be and remain free. That promise, however, of itself is not conclusive. The Nation was not formally pledged even by the Nation's spokesman. But this promise is not all. The United States could not engage in war to prevent the aggression of a despotism and to protect free nations from enslavement without at the same time purposing to free nations already enslaved. If it is to the interest of the world and of America that Germany should not dominate France and Belgium, it is likewise to the interest of the world and of America that Germany and Austria and an autocratic Russia should cease to dominate Poland. If Poland should now fall again under the sway of Germany, or under a new form of despotism in Russia, America's purpose in that degree would have been thwarted. More particularly, if, through the enfeeblement or destruction of Poland, Germany should get access to richer portions of the earth over which she could dominate, the victory our arms won would not be made secure without a renewal of the war. We are interested in the maintenance of Poland as a bulwark as well as a free nation.

For many months the possibility that Germany might gain control of Russia, avoiding political responsibility while attaining power over Russia's resources and people, has been obvious. So long as the Bolsheviki control Russia, only Germany's weakness and the Polish barrier stand in the way of that German control over Russia. Germany's weakness will not last. And now, under the guns of the Bolsheviki, the Polish barrier is trembling.

If the situation to-day is less grave than it was in July, 1914, it is only because forces which were hidden then are now in the open. If Americans did not understand the situation then, they were at least partly excusable. If they fail to see the gravity of the situation now, it is because they do not care to see it. It is a time when those who are in authority should take counsel, not of amateur statesmen, but of the most experienced and the wisest. It is a time to ignore political advantage and to consider only what is right and enduring.

THE SECOND YOUNGEST EDITOR MEETS A CAT

THE second youngest editor has been to sea again. Going to sea in various types of ships from dinghies to tugboats has been a habit of the second youngest editor for a number of years. He has always claimed that the sea makes him think, and, believing in the desirability of this operation, his colleagues have encouraged him in his habit.

As we were saying, the second youngest editor has been to sea and has returned to the editorial sanctum of The Outlook with an account of his adventure which he regards as both interesting and instructive. So we shall pass the account along to our readers, that they may judge for themselves whether the theory of the chief participator in his tale is correct or no.

When the second youngest editor, upon his return, opened the door of The Outlook's conference room and exposed a peeling forehead to full public view, the youngest editor was unkind enough to ask him whether this was a sign of sunburn or of sea-cerebration breaking through.

"Perhaps it is a little of both," came the answer. "I have been down to my ancestral shores again, and ancestral shores, I find, at this time of year are prolific both in sunburn and ideas."

"Mention one," said the third oldest editor. "Ideas are frequently useful in an editorial office, popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding."

"The first idea struck me," said the second youngest editor, "before I had reached my destination. It came to me as I walked through the streets of a New England city which has made history in its day and has, if I am not mistaken, many volumes of history yet to record. Its business streets are still broken here and there with those sturdy gray-shingled houses which express better than a thousand volumes the spirit of old New England. But these houses are filled, like

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the captured Revenge, 'with a swarthier alien crew' than ever the Pilgrim Fathers discovered when they founded and endowed the souvenir trade of Provincetown.. Those who still live in New England have grown used to the faces of dark-skinned 'Portygees' peering from behind panes which looked out upon the events of the American Revolution, but, I confess, it came as something of a shock to me. It was with a considerable feeling of trepidation that I approached a group of chattering ex-Portuguese upon a street corner and inquired my way to the station. I nearly fell over backwards when the most unassimilated-looking one of them all turned to me with a smile and said: 'The station? You mean the depot! Two blocks to your left and five to your right.' It is quite a shock, you know, to be corrected in the use of your native and ancestral dialect by a man who looks as though his departure from the Cape Verde Islands had been only a matter of a dozen weeks."

"I suppose," broke in the third oldest editor again, "that this pretty incident contains the germ of that editorial idea which you previously mentioned. Properly elaborated it ought to be good for at least twelve hundred words on 'The Melting-Pot in American Life' or 'Roast Portugoose and New England Dumplings.'"

The second youngest editor chose to ignore this frivolous remark, and the next to the oldest editor came to his rescue with a demand for the story of his cruise. The next to the oldest editor once went to Australia on a sailing vessel, and talk of the sea is grateful to his ears.

"My cruise," said the second youngest editor, "hardly deserves so formal a name. It lasted barely five hours, though, to tell the truth, I thought at one time that it would end rather closer to China than I have ever been in a sailing boat before. To begin with, I must tell you that I was a guest at a camping club on one of the islands off the Massachusetts coast, a club which deserves the name 'millennial' if ever such name can be fitly bestowed upon a human institution. It numbers among its members capitalists, active and retired, and Socialists, rabid and serene, and the two groups lie down together like the lion and the lamb of Biblical tradition, nor is the lamb ever served with mint sauce. So it happened that I was invited, with an elderly and retired capitalist, to accompany a middle-aged Socialist for a sail in a catboat which should have been retired long since, but which, in its old age, was still being troubled by an insistent urge to fare forth over the sea. We hoisted her grimy mainsail and put out of the bay on a voyage which called to my mind the historic adventure of the three wise men of Gotham. I do not mean by this to draw an invidious comparison between the shape of the craft in which the three wise men went forth and the cat, but it can be said without any exaggeration that the cat ran no danger of being mistaken for the Resolute.

"But its Socialist owner had a pride in his possession which it hardly behooved a good Socialist to manifest so distinctly. As we worked our way to sea he called our attention again and again to the fact that we were sailing, as he claimed, very close to the wind. No other craft of its class (how class distinctions do creep into the most unexpected places!), he averred, could sail within two points of his noble vessel in a thrash to windward. He enlarged extensively upon the arrangements of the tiny cabin, and he expanded at length on the virtues, beauties, and conveniences of the fishwell which underlay the cockpit flooring. We had been gone about two hours when he reached this point in his discourse, and the capitalist was just starting to withdraw to the shelter of the cabin to light a cigar which carried about its corpulent waist a gilt and most unproletarian band. He pushed back the hatch, paused a minute, and drawled slowly:

"'Where did you say that the fishwell was?'

"'Under the cockpit,' the Socialist replied.

"'Well, it's moved,' said the capitalist; 'it's in the cabin now.'

"The Socialist left the wheel to my tender mercies and jumped forward to investigate. 'Jumping Jehoshaphat!' he exclaimed, and dove below. He emerged an instant later with wet feet and an antiquated tin pump, one end of which he inserted in the cabin and the spout of which he permitted to hang over the cockpit flooring. A desperate pumping motion ensued, and a stream of water poured out of the cockpit end of his antediluvian contrivance. 'She's all awash below,' he said. 'The water on the lee side is over the bunks.'

"The capitalist and the Socialist spelled each other in a true communistic spirit; but still the water continued to gain, so we put about and ran back towards the port from which we had started.

"But the Morning Star (that was the euphonious name of our craft) squatted lower and lower in the water, her blunt nose sinking heavily into each sea as it slid past and away.

"The wind died down, and two miles from port we were compelled to seek refuge on a convenient clam flat which the ebbing tide would soon leave dry. We crept nearer and nearer, the water gurgling up into the self-bailing cockpit as we neared our haven. At last, with a gentle noise which sounded half like a sigh, the cat slid on to the bar and settled contentedly to rest. The Morning Star had set.

"It was only a question of time now before some passing boat would rescue us from our position. The three of us perched on the cabin top and waited for relief, the capitalist at last finding time to light his cigar, an act which he performed with the air of having selected this place of all others on the earth for a quiet smoke.

"Time did not hang heavily on our hands, though there were few words spoken. The sun was drawing near the horizon and the wind had dropped to a whisper. It was an hour for meditation and the long thoughts which the sea brings forth.

"At last the capitalist spoke, and his words had no connection with any subjects that had gone before. He turned to me and said:

"'What is your favorite kind of sailing, son?'

"I thought of the long days I had spent on the Atlantic coast, from the Jersey beaches to the foggy waters of Frenchman's Bay, and I answered, 'A thrash to windward, in a whole-sail breeze that buries your lee scuppers deep. I like the feeling that comes from the thought that you must fight to windward to keep off a threatening ledge or to round a distant mark.'

"The middle-aged Socialist waited a while before he spoke. 'Yes, that's fun,' he said, 'but I think I am beginning to like better a breeze less strong and an objective which can be reached with started sheets. It's a comfort to know that you have a point or two to spare if the wind shifts or a squall strikes in.'

"'Somehow,' said the capitalist, 'I like to drift home on a night like this with a favoring tide that makes towards the harbor, and a following breeze that blows towards shore. It doesn't matter much then whether your ship moves fast or slow. In all due time the tide and the wind will bring you to your mooring.'

"We did not speak again until the Socialist descried a white launch slipping out from behind the breakwater and moving towards our stranded bark.

"And so at last we were taken ashore and the cruise of the Morning Star was over."

When he had finished his story, the second youngest editor sat quiet for a moment and said: "You know, I think there is a subject for another editorial in that conversation about our favorite points of sailing." "Maybe," said the third oldest editor, "but we are not going to let you write it. Don't you know that it is The Outlook's policy to let its readers point their own morals?"

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THE COX ACCEPTANCE SPEECH

A POLL OF PUBLIC OPINION

THE speech by Governor Cox accepting the Democratic Presidential nomination "is a good campaign document," concedes the Boston "Herald" (Rep.) because "there is something in it for everybody." There ought to be—it is half again as long as was Senator Harding's. And, affirms the New York "World" (Dem.), "in his discussion of the League of Nations, in his passionate denunciation of the Republican Senatorial conspiracy against the Treaty of Peace, in his scalding criticism of the infinite malice of the Republican platform makers in their treatment of a victorious war, in his attitude toward Mexico, in all that he says about domestic questions—taxation, economy, freedom of speech, railroads, finance, corrupt practices, and Governmental responsibility"—there shines "in every sentence" the quality of "a right-minded man."

Most other Democratic papers agree with this; most Republican do not. And among the Republican papers, Senator Harding's Marion "Star" instantly pointed out one general feature, namely, "Governor Cox's conception of the Presidency is that of Mr. Wilson." Hence Mr. Cox can "hardly hold it unfair for the country to anticipate, in the event of Democratic success, . . . at least four years more of one-man government, of the autocracy under which the country has suffered for the past seven years."

As to Governor Cox's treatment of the varied subject-matters referred to in his speech, Democratic opinion as expressed by the Cincinnati "Inquirer" is as follows:

> There is no evasion, no playing with words of double interpretation, no beating about the bush, on any of the issues of the day. He speaks with the frankness that has characterized all his political utterances.

Three statements concerning domestic matters have, however, challenged criticism. First, in industrial disputes Mr. Cox's message seems to be "Hands off." What? inquires the New York "Mail" (Rep.).

> Only the barren declaration, "If strikes are prolonged, public opinion always settles them." How? By what agency? When? The Governor ought to know that without a definite policy and agency, opinion cannot crystallize and does not act until the public is nearly starved or nearly frozen.

Second, the speaker states that the Federal Reserve Act was "originated . . . by a Democratic President and Congress." Republican critics have resented this slight of the Aldrich Monetary Commission's bill, which contained the substance of the present act. Again, Governor Cox's statement that "the Republican Congress has not made a single effort or passed a single law to lift from the American people a load of war taxation that cannot be tolerated in a time of peace" elicited an immediate denial from the Harding headquarters and the press. We refer to this elsewhere.

Concerning foreign matters, President Wilson's League of Nations has become the campaign's paramount issue. The attitude of the Presidential candidates, as revealed by their speeches of acceptance, is thus defined by the Boston "Transcript" (Rep.):

> Cox stands for unconditional ratification of the Treaty as submitted, with reassuring interpretations of the Covenant, and for a continuance of the state of war until the present Senate surrenders, or is supplanted by a Senate that will be subservient to the Presidential will. Harding stands against unconditional ratification, with or without interpretations, and for ending the state of war as soon as the Congress will send him a resolution of peace to sign.

Cox, says the Kansas City "Star" (Ind. Rep.), "could not get away from the Wilson programme if he would," and the New Orleans "Times-Picayune" pronounces the Governor's exposition of it "unanswerable." But the New York "Globe" (Ind. Rep.) predicates the conclusion that "America is quite as certain to enter the League under a Republican Administration as under a Democratic one," and the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" (Rep.) explains why:

> Nor shall we deny that Governor Cox is in a much more acceptable position, theoretically, for all sincere believers in the League policy than is the Republican candidate. But then so was President Wilson, and yet he failed to get the League Covenant ratified. . . . It is humanly impossible for the Democrats to elect a two-thirds majority into the Senate this next autumn. . . . But if Harding and the Republicans sweep the country, as they seem likely to do, they will then be in a position to redeem their pledges to establish some sort of a League, and it would seem most unlikely that they will try to write a new League covenant when there will be one for which most of them have voted with a few innocuous reservations.

This is hardly the opinion of the New York "Sun and Herald" (Ind.):

> What Mr. Wilson's and Mr. Cox's Treaty needs is not to be frescoed, decorated, and loaded up with margin notes of explanation, footnotes of elucidation, and appendix notes of further reference, but to be rewritten from start to finish and by new hands!

The Washington "Post" (Rep.) reaches the conclusion that if it had not been for the League issue that has committed Mr. Cox's party to "entanglements in European politics and wars," Mr. Cox might have had a united party and a fair share of independent votes. "But," it adds, "the Democratic party is split over the League issue and no ingenuity of language can repair the breach."

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

WHY BELIEVE IN DEATH?

I ONCE asked a Professor of Philosophy of international reputation in one of our universities, "What do you say to your students when they ask you why you believe in immortality?" "I answer," he replied, "by asking them why they believe in mortality." Why, indeed? Why should the decay of the body be thought to indicate the decay of the spirit?

The body is in a state of perpetual decay and repair. With every exertion, physical or mental, some part of the body dies. We are engaged in a perpetual repair and rebuilding of a perpetually decaying body. The octogenarian has had probably eight to ten different bodies during his lifetime. It is not probable that any atom in my present body was in it seventy years ago. Death has been busy with me for over eighty years. But I am still Lyman Abbott, and I hope a wiser and better man than I was three-quarters of a century ago. The spirit has not only survived all this continuous bodily decay, but has grown wiser and better. Why believe that when the final decay comes the decay of the spirit should accompany it?

I have knelt by the bedside of a loved companion. And when she could no longer speak to me, the pressure of her hand gave me a message of that love

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that never failed me. Why should I believe that it was flickering and going out?

I am not attempting to prove the doctrine of immortality. I do not think that it is capable of proof. Faith in immortality, as I have often said in these pages, is a habit of mind. He who is accustomed all his life to look only on the things which are seen and temporal can have at best only a probable opinion that the spirit is immortal. He who has been accustomed all his life to look upon the things that are unseen and immortal needs no demonstration that they continue when the physical decays. His belief in immortality is disbelief in mortality. It might almost be said that he does not so much believe in a future life as disbelieve in a present death. Death has no terrors for him; because all his life long he has been accustomed to look upon that which death does not and cannot touch, which cannot turn to dust and ashes.

This fire burning in my stove will by and by go out, the flame will die, and the wood which had fed it will turn to ashes. But this electric light by which I am writing will not go out unless the connection between the bulb and the dynamo over a score of miles away is cut. If the bulb is broken, put on another bulb and the light will reappear. So long as my spirit is in connection with the Father of Lights there is no danger that it will be extinguished. Nothing can extinguish it except separation from God.

We do not have to wait for death to separate the believers in mortality from the believers in immortality.

I once gave a week to evangelistic services in a country district. It was a brief itinerant ministry. I preached every night in a different church. I have always believed that the strong town and city churches ought to give their fellowship in service, not merely in money, to the country churches. I endeavored in vain to induce the Home Missionary Society to accept and act upon this principle. Then I resolved to adopt and act upon it myself. Plymouth Church readily granted me permission to give ten days and the two accompanying Sundays to such a mission. I paid my own way and took no collections. A friend heard one attendant coming out of church say to a neighbor, "I wonder what there is in this for him." There was a great deal in it for me: the joy of imparting my faith and hope and good will to congregations willing, if not eager, to receive the gift. But it would have been useless to attempt to explain to him this my wage. He could not have comprehended it.

Midas enjoys making money; Socrates enjoys teaching. Midas thinks that Socrates is a fool in devoting his life to making men; and Socrates thinks Midas is a fool in devoting his life to making money. It is almost as impossible for Midas to believe in immortality as it is for Socrates to believe in mortality. They dwell in the same town and travel to and from their separate works in the same trolley, but they live in different worlds.

I am told that there are mothers who leave their little children at home in the care of a nurse and devote themselves, some of them to bridge parties and what they are pleased to call their "social duties," others to a mad endeavor to cleanse the Augean stables of corruption at home or to meetings and discussions and listening to lectures to provide for Armenian children abroad. They neglect the baby God has put into their keeping at home to play at taking care of somebody else's baby three thousand miles away. I have never, so far as I know, met such a mother, but I have to believe she exists. She seems to me to be an ignoramus. She does not know the nature of her own child or the joy and glory of fitting it for a truly immortal life—that is, a life of love, service, and sacrifice here and hereafter.

Why do we believe in mortality? Not because as a theory there is any more reason for believing in mortality than in immortality, but generally because we have so fixed our gaze on the physical and mortal that we have lost the power to see the invisible and immortal.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN: ITS PROBLEMS AND PERSONALITIES

Under this heading each week until election we expect to print an article or articles, not necessarily expressing The Outlook's opinions, but presenting some phase of the political contest, some light upon it, some point of view concerning it, which will be of interest to the voter, and will have some bearing upon the decision which he or she must make before the ballots are cast on November 2.—THE EDITORS.

SENATOR HARDING ON LABOR

AN AUTHORIZED "TELL THE TRUTH" INTERVIEW

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

SPECIAL INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

I LEFT the Republican National Convention Auditorium in Chicago on the conclusion of the tenth ballot, sore at heart and depressed in spirit over the defeat of Leonard Wood; not due alone to a warm personal regard for the General, but mainly for the reason that I knew, beyond all doubt, that the soldier candidate was a friend of labor. However, the die was cast, the senior Senator from Ohio was nominated, and, after a few days of thoughtful meditation, I decided to have an interview with Mr. Harding and learn from actual contact just where he stood on the labor question. Having preached for the last eighteen months the gospel of talking things over face to face before forming either negative or affirmative opinions, I went to Marion to see whether Senator Harding believed in the integrity and loyalty of the men with calloused hands and overalls. I wanted to know if he sincerely believed in labor's sense of justice, in its loyalty, its ideals and desires. With me it simply was a matter of whether the Senator had confidence in the men who played a star rôle in making the United States the greatest industrial nation on the face of the globe. I wondered if he viewed their struggles for recognition with sympathetic understanding—with an understanding based on intimate knowledge of the difficulties that daily confront the wage-earner. I wondered if he recognized the fact that a new awakening had taken place in the industrial life of the United States—the recognition of the human element in the relationship between labor, capital, and management.

On arriving in Marion I went straight to the unassuming home of Senator Harding, and a few minutes later gripped the hand of one of the most pleasing and impressive personalities it has ever been my good fortune to meet. He was not evasive; his answers to my pointed queries were delivered with cool, methodical precision. His absolute frankness and sincerity stood out in bold relief; his hand-shake was friendly and vigorous.

Long before our interview was concluded I had not only formed the firm

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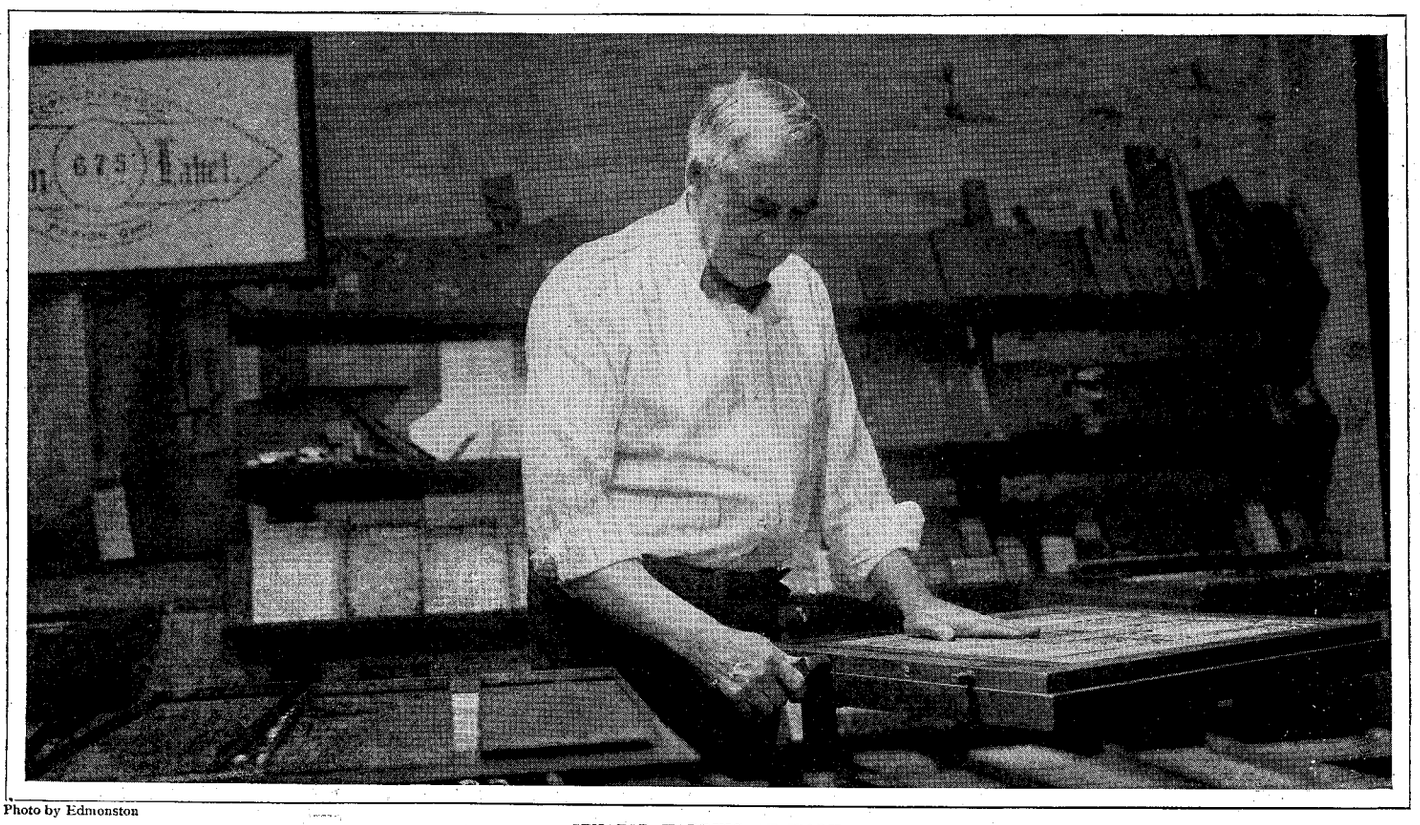

Photo by Edmonston

SENATOR HARDING AT WORK

This is the season when candidates delight to labor—before the camera. No campaign is complete unless the chief figure thereof is willing to show himself to an admiring and credulous world garbed as a coal-miner or a steeplejack. But this picture of Senator Harding is emphatically not in this class—he knows the job of making up a newspaper from the ground floor, and still relishes the task which in earlier days was for him a necessity. This picture was taken in the office of the Marion "Star," Senator Harding's newspaper

opinion that he was four-square on all vital issues concerning labor and the farmer, but I realized that he possessed two qualities that would make him a great President: namely, a cool head and a warm heart.

Mr. Harding, with evident sincerity, opened our conversation by saying: "I have faith in men; I believe that the average man is square; I believe in labor's fairness when treated squarely and given an opportunity to become familiar with facts pertaining to their vocation. If employers would be more frank with their employees, they would soon find a different feeling existing in industry. Workingmen should be made thoroughly familiar with conditions, so that when an ultra-radical comes along, grossly misrepresenting conditions, the workingman can intelligently refute his statements. Not being familiar with the facts in the case, thousands of honest, well-meaning men become imbued with the idea that they are being viciously oppressed; misunderstandings result, causing trouble that could be avoided by a simple exposition of the truth. The doctrines of extreme radicalism are founded on gross misrepresentations, and surely the best way to meet misstatements is to contrast them with the truth. Foreign-born workmen have been held up to public censure when the public itself in a great many cases is to blame for not having extended the helping hand of friendship to the men we had invited to come to our shores. I firmly believe that if our Government and those interested in our Government had taken as much pains to familiarize the incoming foreigner with American ideals and the liberties that the Constitution bestows as the radicals have taken to misrepresent and misinterpret our Constitution, there would be far less trouble in this country to-day. Quite true, the foreigner coming here with the intention of stirring up violent opposition to our form of government should be severely dealt with; but I am convinced that a vast majority of immigrants come here with the intention of becoming industrious and patriotic American citizens. The loyal support given by the sons of foreign-born in the recent war should be sufficient evidence to convince the most skeptical that this conclusion is true."

Senator Harding contended that more light should be thrown on the responsibilities that labor owes to management, that management owes to labor, that management and labor owe to capital, and that management, labor, and capital owe to the public. He then cited as an example the present deplorable condition of the railways and coal distribution to illustrate the fact that labor, management, and capital have everything in common, and the failure of one would mean the ruin of the other.

I was agreeably surprised to find that the Senator was more deeply interested in the industrial conditions of the country, and especially in the personal relations between management and labor, than any other problem. He manifested the most intense interest, and his answers to my queries proved to me that he was thoroughly familiar with the labor problem, and his conclusions were based on a sympathetic understanding far keener and broader than that of many prominent industrial captains whom I have talked with in the past six months.

Mr. Harding speaks slowly, with deep conviction, placing emphasis on remarks that he wishes to be thoroughly understood, and his decisive manner convinced me that if he occupies the White House the next four years the country will not lack strong, decisive leadership. He does not waste words, but has a faculty of expressing himself clearly and forcibly.

Mr. Harding manifested deep concern over the railway and coal situation, and spoke at length on the present critical condition of our great distributive system, pointedly remarking: "The present chaotic state of railway transportation should convince the most radical labor leader that returns to railway management should be so gauged that necessary capital may be enlisted for purposes of adequate reconstruction and the paying of wage increases. It also should prove to the most narrow-minded industrial captain that labor must receive an adequate wage to function properly and guarantee continuity of service. A breakdown of the transportation system plays just as much havoc with capital and management as it does with labor and the public. Yet the public are the ones that feel its effects most, and labor is the chief sufferer in the long run. Surely the events of the past few months have conclusively proven that the inability of management to secure sufficient capital to carry on its business to capacity leads to certain industrial paralysis that affects

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not only the railway system but every industry and department of economic life in the entire country.

"Without adequate transportation industry must necessarily contract to a point of stagnation; farmers would be unable properly to move their produce, and, as a result, widespread unemployment and ruin of the entire economic fabric of the country would be inevitable. The present crisis simply proves that autocratic injustice to capital and management is as detrimental to the wage-earner as autocratic injustice to labor is detrimental to capital and management.

"We have entered a new era in the relationship between management, the worker, and the public. No longer can labor be considered a mere cog in the wheel; no longer can capital and management remain deaf to the necessities of the workingman. They must realize that the human element in industry comes first; they must realize that the aspirations and yearnings of millions of American wage-earners must be considered with sympathetic understanding, and differences worked out by applying the broadest principles of industrial justice."

The Senator is thoroughly convinced that aloofness of the employer which has manifested itself in many instances during the past few years must be eliminated if confidence between the employer and employee is to be restored. He emphatically believes in a closer understanding between office brain and workshop brawn.

"Proper relationship between labor, management, and capital can be brought about only by all three elements coming to an understanding, mutually arrived at through common agreement, all parties realizing that the destruction of one is the ruin of the others, and the suspicion or rebellion of one unavoidably involves the others. There is not, and should not be, class distinction among the multifarious elements constituting American society. Each acts as a foundation for the other; each element in itself is absolutely dependent on all other elements, and all are necessary for the industrial, agricultural, and financial welfare of the Nation. In the past capital and management have not paid sufficient attention to fostering the good will of the workers who are the foundation stones of successful industrial enterprise. Ignorance of problems confronting the employer naturally engenders suspicions and prejudices, leading to industrial strife that would be avoided if the workman was properly familiarized with the difficulties confronting his employer. Mutual understanding would beyond doubt dissipate a majority of the industrial troubles facing us to-day.

"I am firmly convinced," he continued, "that the average workingman, on becoming familiar with the truth concerning his status in industry, will respond in a hearty spirit of co-operation."

Mr. Harding has unbounded confidence in the American people. He deplored the tendency, in certain quarters, continually to cast aspersions on the loyalty of American labor. His jaws fairly snapped as he declared that "too much has been said about Bolshevism in America. It is quite true that there are enemies of the Government within our borders. However, I believe their number has been greatly magnified. The American workman is not a Bolshevik; neither is the American employer an autocrat. Both, as a rule, desire mutual understanding by the establishment of a point of contact that will prove to the worker that the employer is not cold-hearted or narrow-minded, and the same point of contact will prove to the management that labor does not desire to impose arbitrary or ruinous restrictions on the employer. Those familiar with industrial conditions realize that a large share of industrial disagreements are due to suspicions and misunderstandings that are, in many cases, entirely unjustified. Getting all parties together so that they may see one another, feel one another's presence, and become familiar with the difficulties of all by reaching a definite and correct understanding of the facts, will be of inestimable value to all concerned, and any provision of means for accomplishing this desirable understanding should be given the hearty co-operation of all factions."

Mr. Harding insisted that in all industrial disputes the facts of both sides should be brought to the surface and given wide publicity on this point, asserting that "the light of truth must be thrown on all industrial disagreements that threaten the happiness and prosperity of the country. The American public is a fair jury when it is acquainted with the facts, and neither labor, capital, nor management need be afraid of its verdict. The publicity in acquainting the public with the facts, of course, must always be absolutely fair and impartial, so as to guarantee a fair exposition of all questions involved."

Commenting on the arbitration of industrial disputes, Senator Harding vigorously asserted that the matter of arbitration should not be forced upon either side, but where both parties could agree to it and mutually concur in respecting its results there should be provided broad-gauged and effective instrumentalities for bringing it into effect.

Mr. Harding believes whole-heartedly in the justice of collective bargaining as a means of promoting good will and bringing about a better relationship between management and employee that must, in the long run, establish a broad application of industrial justice. He has dealt with collective bargaining in his printing establishment for seventeen years, has never had the slightest trouble, and his relations with his employees and their representatives have always been harmonious. He told me an interesting story regarding a recent visit of an agent of the Typographical Union. The union member, after assuring Senator Harding that he had always played fair with his organization, glanced over the schedule of wages officially recognized by the Typographical Union and the wage scale actually paid by Mr. Harding. Straight through, from the printer's devil to the highest-paid man in the office, the schedule paid by Mr. Harding was from ten to fifty per cent higher than the schedule governing his Typographical Union agreement. In dealing with his employees through representatives he has always met them with understanding, across the table, and recognized them as men, and, deeply believing in the rectitude and justice of the average man, he has dealt accordingly, with the result that there have never been labor troubles in his plant.

Mr. Harding alluded to the great achievements scored by American labor during the recent war, pointing out that the individual American workmen were far more efficient than the workingmen in other countries, demonstrating their loyalty in an unmistakable and highly commendable manner.

He also declared that wages merely providing for existence should not be considered. American industry is capable of providing—and should provide—a compensation to its employees that will permit the wage-earner to live according to American standards, to acquire a home through thrift, enjoy more than the necessities of life, and lay by something for a rainy day.

I touched on the problem of thousands of postal employees. Senator Harding said: "They must have ready justice because we do not allow them to strike, they have no prospect of promotion to the heights that is possible in industrial service, and they are unfitted for anything else after giving the best years of youth to the service of the Government."

As I left, after nearly two hours of continuous questions and answers, I assured Mr. Harding that his views on labor questions and his sympathetic understanding of labor problems far exceeded my expectations. I do not hesitate to say to the readers of The Outlook that, if elected, Senator Harding will go into office a sincere friend of labor, deserving the unstinted confidence of every workingman in America.

STIFLED UNDER THE TWO-PARTY BLANKET

Read next week Frederick M. Davenport's incisive analysis of the futility of third-party movements in the United States to-day. He writes with the shrewd knowledge of the practical politician, combined with the interpretative vision of the historian.

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THE UNDER DOG

MISHANDLING HARVEST HANDS

BY C. LUTHER FRY

Much has recently been written about harvest hands. The inadequate supply of casual laborers, the inefficiency of these workers, the social menace from migrant men, and the breakdown in our system of labor distribution are among the more important aspects of the problem which have been discussed. One point of view, however, has been almost entirely ignored—that of the harvest hand himself. The purpose of this sketch is to tell his side of the story. It reflects the opinions of harvest hands in the wheat-fields as Mr. Fry found them in the course of a personal investigation of the problem of migrant labor. A second article, also giving the point of view of "The Under Dog," entitled "And They Wonder Why We're Red," will be published in a subsequent issue.—THE EDITORS.

"IT'S ready cash you're after? Well, why not work in the wheat-fields as a harvest hand? I hear they're paying enormously high wages for seasonal laborers this year."

"By golly, not me!" replied my friend Jim. "I tried that wunst, but never again!"

Jim paused to light his pipe, and then continued:

"Last year I heard the same stories they're tellin' now about the high wages folks wuz payin' fur day laborers. I wuz as hard up fur cash then as I be now. Fact is, ever since I come here to Oklahoma, five years back, I've been up agin it 'cause I ain't had the money I should. I ain't been able to buy the machinery I need. At the beginnin' of every season I've said to myself, 'This year I'm goin' to make enough to really fix this farm up right.' By golly, I could make this place go big if I only had the equipment I oughter. I ain't had no education in an agricultural school, like a lot of these fellers around here, but I ain't afeared of work. God knows, I've tried hard enough to succeed. I'd like to give that kid of mine a chanst. I never want no son of mine to put up with what I've had to. My pop wuz a tenant farmer in Ohio an' couldn't give me no real chanst. I wuz the oldest of seven kids, an' so I never got no education worth talkin' about.

"Well, even as early as last year I wuz needin' a new plow in the worst way—the second-hand one I has isn't worth a darn—so I decided after I got my own harvestin' done to go north into the Kansas wheat-fields an' see if I couldn't raise enough money as a harvest hand to buy a new one. I talked things over with Oscar Carlton, our local labor agent, an' he told me I couldn't do no better than go to White Hall. He'd heard from some one or other they wuz needin' help bad up there."

Jim took a few puffs at his pipe and then inquired.

"Ever been to White Hall?"

"No, I haven't," I replied.

"Well, you ain't missed much. By golly, it's a hell of a hole. Just a little one-horse town. Accommodations be rotten. I got there earlier than a lot of the boys, but, even so, I had to walk around in the pourin' rain fur a couple of hours afore I found a room, an' then the way they soaked me fur it was a crime. Some of the lads couldn't get no place atall, an' had to sleep in box cars. An' every day more an' more men kept comin' inter town. You see, the local Chamber of Commerce put on a big advertisin' campaign fur harvest hands. They announced as how employment wuz plenty an' wages high, so men kept driftin' in from all over, but none kept goin' out, as the weather wuz so bad the farmers wouldn't hire no one.

"An' the restaurant keepers, seein' they had us where they wanted, raised prices on us somethin' awful. By golly, it was tough. We didn't have nothin' to do, nuther. Had to just loaf around an' wait fur the weather to clear. Didn't even have a decent place to bum in. Had to just hang round the movies and poolrooms.

"An' by the time the harvest wuz ripe there wuz so many men in town that wages wuz way down to forty and forty-five cents an hour. I wuz lucky. Got a job with a Swede at forty-five per. He had a place of about one hundred and sixty acres six miles from town. Lived in a little five-roomed, one-story house with his old woman an' five kids. They gave me a blanket an' told me to sleep in the haymow, but of course I ate with the family. They served darn good grub.

"My job wuz mostly stackin' an' shockin'. By golly, but it wuz hot work! The job lasted eleven days, not includin' two Sundays. Durin' that time the weather only allowed me to put in sixty-nine an' a half hours of actual work, so when I quit I only got $31.27. An' my expenses, includin' my fare from home, wuz over $20, so, you see, I wuz only about $10 to the good.

"'By golly,' I says to myself, 'this ain't gettin' very far toward buyin' a plow!' So I headed straight for the State Employment Office at Huntington. When I got there, I found about fifty men hangin' around the place. I wuz surprised at the bunch. I thought most of them would be old fellers, but outside of one or two grayheads most of them wuz young fellers like me.

"There were big posters all over the front of the place advertisin' fur harvest hands. I begun to look them over when a young chap steps out of the office an' shouts:

"'How many of yous wants to go to Devil's Pond?'

"I didn't have much money left, an' besides, I figured it wuz all a gamble anyway, so I hollers back:

"'By golly, I'll go!'

"The arrangements wuz soon made. I wuz to leave with twenty others on the 2:9 train that arrived in Devil's Pond a little after six that evenin'. We wuz all given cards of introduction to the labor agent at Devil's Pond, an' off we went.

"When we got there, the agent come out to meet us, an' told us where we could get some grub reasonable, an' says as how the farmers that wanted to hire

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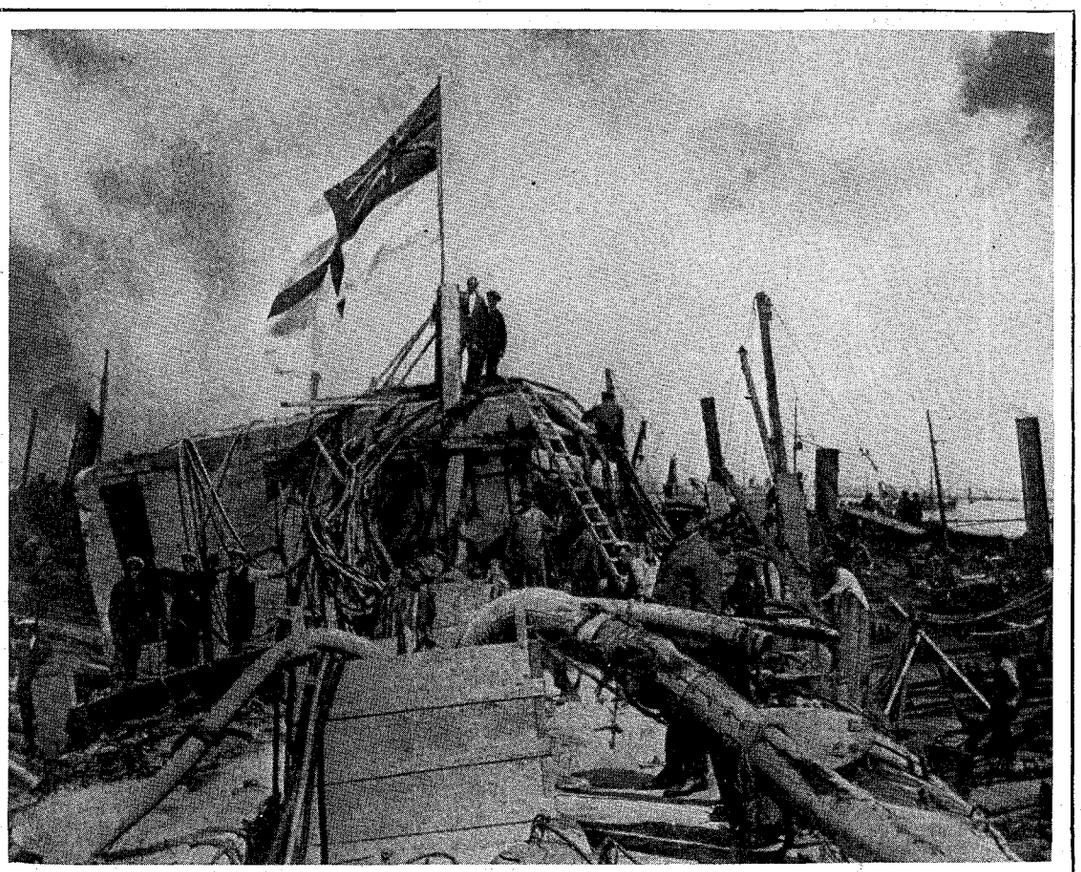
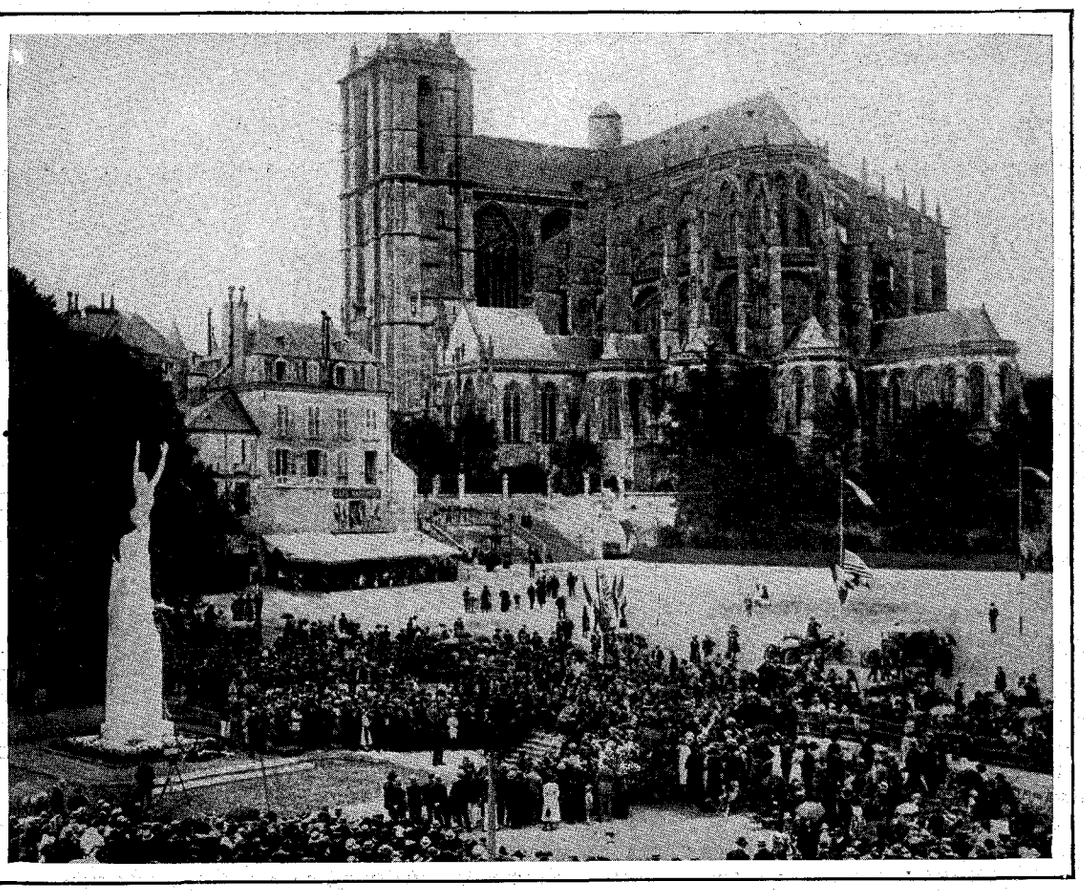


Central News Photo Service

FAMOUS BRITISH SHIP SUNK AT ZEEBRUGGE IS RAISED

The Iphigenia, which was sunk during the World War in the famous raid by Allied war craft to block the entrance to the harbor of Bruges and prevent the exit of German submarines, has recently been raised from the channel. It is reported that she will be broken up. In the picture the vessel is seen just after she had been raised, with the British flag flying proudly from a fragment of her shattered structure



Underwood & Underwood

A MEMORIAL TO WILBUR WRIGHT, FLYING PIONEER, UNVEILED AT LE MANS, FRANCE

A statue in honor of one of the inventors of the airplane, Wilbur Wright, was recently unveiled in Le Mans. It appears at the left of the picture, with the beautiful Cathedral in the background. The figure, with arms outstretched, is gazing skyward, thus symbolizing the conquest of the air by man

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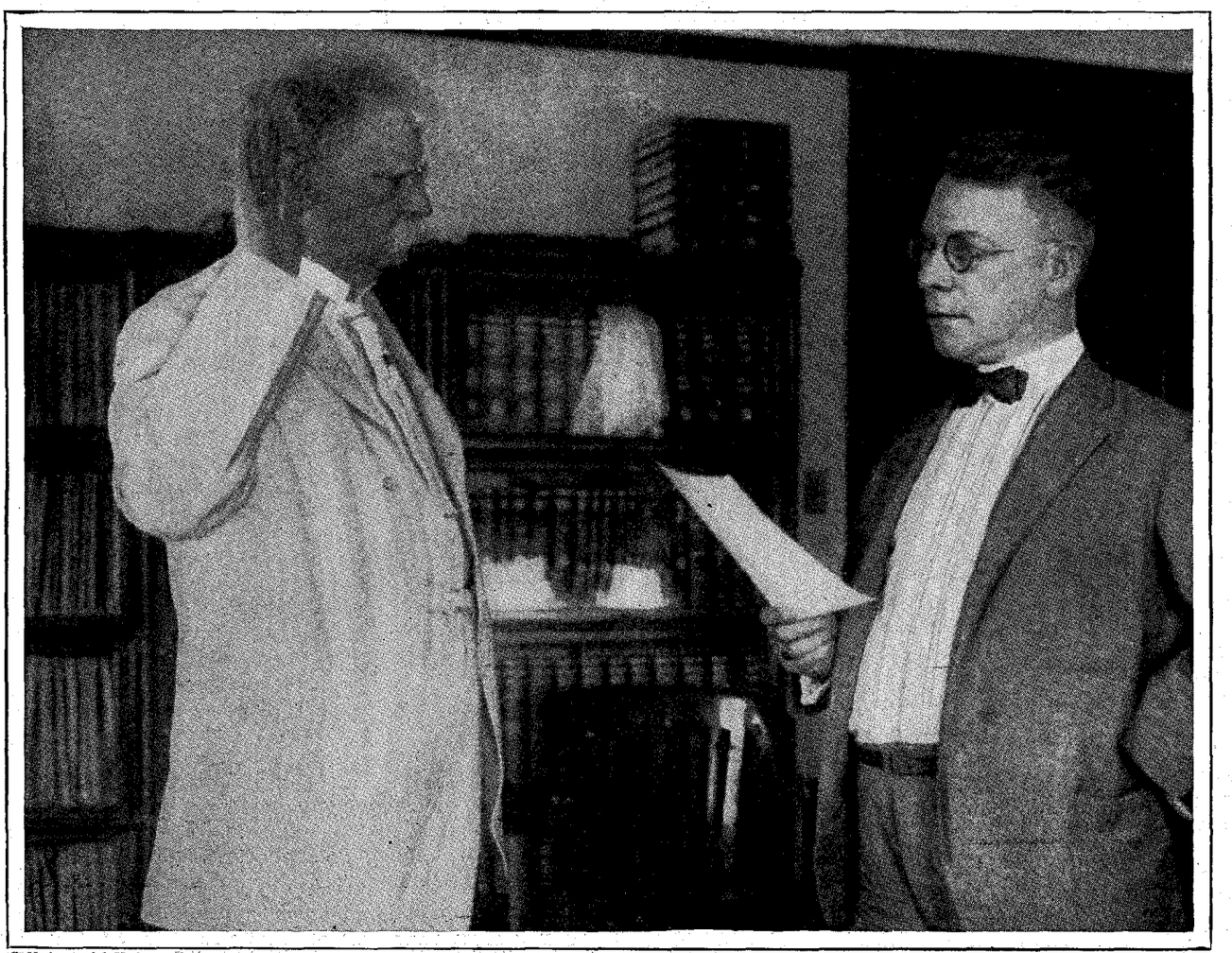
THE FIRST BRITISH CIVIL GOVERNOR OF THE HOLY LAND

The Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert Samuel, whose photograph appears above, is the first Civil Governor of Palestine

(C) Keystone View Co.

DR. AND MME. BELISARIO PORRAS OF PANAMA

Dr. Porras has been re-elected President of the Republic of Panama, as the candidate of the Liberal party



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THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF LABOR STATISTICS BEING SWORN IN

Mr. Ethelbert Stuart (left), who has held responsible posts under the Department of Labor, is shown above at the moment of being sworn in as Commisssioner of Labor Statistics by Samuel Gompers, Jr., son of the veteran labor leader

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us would arrive about eight, an' then he left us to ourselves. After eatin' we sat down on the curb of the main street near the station an' waited. Purtty soon the farmers began comin' in their Fords. You see, the labor agent had told them we wuz come.

"They parked their cars up the street, sent their women folks an' kids to the movies, an' then come to look us over. Fust they kinda flirted with us. They'd saunter by an' pretend not to see us, then they'd come up unconcerned-like an' pass some remark about the weather, an' then finally they'd get down to business.

"The farmers had all agreed among themselves only to give us sixty cents an hour at most. We wuz told at the employment office we could expect sixty-five. Of course this meant a lot of arguin' back an' forth. The old buck that got ahold of me give me a ride up and down the street in his car. He kept tellin' me I ought to be willin' to work fur him fur sixty cents 'cause he had a wonderful barn to sleep in, an' that he wuz a good feeder, an' that he would need me fur a long time. I could see from the way he talked that labor wuz scarce around there, so I held out for sixty-five, an' finally, after a terrible battle, he agreed.

"I worked fur that old cuss just three days. At the end of that time he come to me an' says as how he could get help fur fifty-five cents an hour an' that he wuzn't goin' to give me no sixty-five. You see, a lot of lads blew into the neighborhood an' brought down the rate of pay. An' firin' me just after I wuz gettin' started wuzn't the worst—when he paid me off he deducted a dollar an' a half fur a pitchfork he said I broke. By golly, I wuz mad! I hadn't done no such thing. I kicked like a steer, but couldn't do nuthin' about it. The justice of the peace would never have listened to me. By golly, I got even, though! I turned a cow loose in his truck patch just as I wuz leavin'.

"An' after that I decided that bein' a harvest hand wuzn't no payin' job, so I beats it straight fur this here place of mine. By the time I reached home I had just $3.71 more than what I started out with.

"By golly, I don't know when I'll ever be able to buy that new plow!"

THE SACRED SNAKES OF LITHUANIA

BY MARIA MORAVSKY

I

AFTER a sound sleep on stiff hay-stuffed bedding in the "best room" of the little Lithuanian hut, Davidavi went to the kitchen, which served as a sitting-room, workroom, and nursery combined.

It was quiet there—all the grown-up folk were working in the fields. Only a light-haired baby lay asleep in a wooden crib brightly painted in green and red.

Davidavi had always had a tender feeling for these under-nourished Lithuanian children, with their pallid, almost white, hair and pale earnest faces. It was they who renamed him Davidavi. His real name was David Davis, and he was a doctor of medicine, sent to Russia with the Red Cross mission. But for the children he was a magician who knew how to draw your picture in a moment—with the help of the sun and the little black box—and how to make the most stubborn kites fly. They called him Davidavi, because it sounded more Lithuanian.

Davidavi smiled at the sight of the large roses with unnaturally green leaves which adorned the crib—an art work of some self-taught village painter. When he approached it, trying to recognize the inscription written above the child's head, he noticed something that he took at first for a thick rope wound around the child's breast.

"Another strange custom! I wonder why they tie down the poor kid!" he muttered, purposely using the slang word that sounded so homelike. He had nobody here to speak English to save his assistants, two New Yorkers full of vim and vigor, who were almost always out of his sight, introducing speedily all the sanitary reforms they could think of, "cleaning up" the villages at their own risk, often without consulting their more slow and thoughtful chief. Because of solitude he had acquired the habit of talking to himself. It relieved his homesickness.

"I must persuade my hostess not to do this," he said aloud, and bent over the cradle, intending to untie the rope. But it moved swiftly, slid away from the baby's breast and encircled its throat.

Only then Davidavi realized that it was a dark, greenish-gray snake. He grasped at his little half-size Browning, which he had discreetly carried in his vest pocket. He never used big guns, because they might frighten the children.

"But I may kill the baby!" he gasped. His hand swung helplessly to his side. For an endless second he felt at a loss. Then he ran on tiptoe to the "best room," snatched his heavy riding gloves from the old-fashioned oak chest with a coiled snake painted on the top that served him as a bureau, and noiselessly returned to the kitchen. The snake was still wound around the baby's neck. They both breathed softly, and the fat body of the reptile moved rhythmically when the child sighed in its sleep.

Davidavi had a simple and fearless plan—to grasp the snake's throat with his hands. If the reptile jumped at him before he touched it, he might fire the Browning. He held it ready.

As he reached to grasp the snake some one behind his back cried:

"For God's sake, let it alone!"

Involuntarily he turned his head toward the low door that swung wide open, and saw the alarmed face of his new friend, an old Polish physician.

"You mustn't touch it," repeated the Pole.

"Don't worry about me," said Davidavi, impatiently, and quickly turned back to the crib. The snake was gone. He heard it rustle along the straw-covered floor.

Davidavi aimed his revolver, but the Pole caught his hand.

"You don't want to make enemies in the village, do you?" he said, persuasively. While he spoke a little barefooted boy stepped into the kitchen. He was carrying a brown-clay saucer filled with milk. He stopped near the crib, whistled softly, and knocked the saucer against the wood. At this sound the dangerous-looking reptile crawled heavily toward him, lay at his feet and lifted up its slant head, opening the ominous mouth with swiftly moving cloven tongue.

The boy placed the saucer before the hungry snake, and only then noticed the doctor.

"Be in good health, Davidavi," he singsonged in a broken Polish. "How do you like our old *waj*?"[1]

The American understood that he had been hunting a harmless adder, and laughed at his wasted heroism.

"Why on earth do these people keep them?" he exclaimed in English. In moments of excitement he would often forget that the villagers did not understand his language.

He hurried to translate his words. The boy, who had heard the strange exclamation, tugged the Pole's sleeve, asking in a whisper:

"Is he casting a spell?"

The Pole reassured him with a laugh.

"But he talks unknown words, just like our *vajdelota* from the forest," insisted the boy.

"Who is *vajdelota?*" asked Davidavi.

"According to Adas," the Pole pointed to the boy, "*vajdelota* is your fellow-conjurer. If you like to visit him, he may explain to you better than I why Lithuanians keep adders in their homes."

The American eagerly consented. Adas clung to his hands and begged:

"Take me along, Davidavi!"

"Art thou not afraid?" asked the Pole, surprised. All the children had a respectful fear of the old singer and legend-teller who lived in a swampy forest across the river.

"Not if I go with Davidavi. He is my mighty friend. Don't you remember how he cured me when I got the red devil's marks all over my face?"

The Pole advised Davidavi to leave the boy at home.

"The child may get a swamp fever—

[1] A lizard.

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the evenings are unhealthy over there—and the parents will blame it on you. They may say the *vajdelota* cast an evil eye on him."

"Do they still believe in an evil eye here?"

"Tell me the nonsense they don't believe!" answered the doctor with irritation. "I have been doctoring them for thirty years, and they still insist that it is harmful if you take *coltun*[1] off the child's head. The village is forty versts from the railway track. The nearest school is seven versts from here. I am the only doctor for three villages. I don't blame them for not being particularly enlightened. And yet sometimes it makes you mad. Darkness! My God, such mental darkness! Do you wonder that I drink and play cards? That I've forgotten all I learned in the university? That I am not interested in politics? Wars and revolutions may burst out all over the world, but this corner remains quiet. Quiet and dark."

"Where does the *vajdelota* live?" asked the American, trying to interrupt the gloomy train of the doctor's thoughts.

"Across the river. We may go there some time."

"Why not go right away?

"Oh, you Americans are so quick! Why hurry? Well, if you are really interested. Have you had your tea? No? Very well, come to my *hata*. I will start a samovar for you, and give you something to eat; then we will go."

Adas, who was patiently listening to the dimly comprehended conversation, trying to gather from it whether there was any hope for him to visit the *vajdelota*, asked plaintively:

"Aren't you taking me along? No? Then you must bring me a present from there; will you?"

"What do you want, Adas?" asked Davidavi, smoothing his flaxen hair.

"A snake's skin. You know, the one they lose in the spring. The *vajdelota* has lots of them. They are bewitched. If I had one, I would grow strong, and no boy would dare to beat me any more."

Adas was a delicate child, suffering from anæmia. The village boys called him *oduvanchik*, which means a dandelion, because of his whitish hair as well as his weakness. "A gust of wind can blow thee off!" they teased him.

The American promised to bring him the snake's skin. The boy whistled contentedly and left the hut, wrapping the snake around his neck as if it were a muffler.

Walking along the unpaved muddy streets toward the house of his Polish friend, the doctor met his assistants, who were quartered in the next hut. They had lived in the village but a few days, and Davidavi asked them how they liked the new place.

"Never been in such a hole!" answered the younger one, a red-haired six-foot boy with Herculean arms, baby complexion, and radiant smile, reminding one of Wells's giant child that had been raised on the food of gods. "They eat next to nothing, and feed their guests the same. We had potato-peels soup for last night's supper! Every time I put my wooden spoon into it I thought of the army lima beans as if they had been a treat. The people are starving! The sanitary conditions are awful! Dirt, insects! And, great Scott, they keep snakes!"

"And wear beards, all of them," added his companion, a dark-haired, clean-shaven little man, alert as a monkey. "It is an offense to my profession."

"Don't you feel like opening a barber shop here?" laughed the doctor.

"Hair cut, shaving, and—tattooing," nodded the ex-barber with a grave smile. "I think the tattooing would make a hit with them. I have never seen such savages! Why didn't we stay in that big *selo* near Vilna? Those peasants were almost human beings."

"They didn't need us much," answered the doctor; "they had doctors and schools. Why, the daughter of the druggist greeted me in French and inquired how large the Indian population of San Francisco is! You see, they are educated somehow. But here we are indispensable, and we can do lots of good. Aren't you glad, boys, that we have such a great work to do?"

"I ain't Polyanna—to be glad that I live on potato peels, but—well, in a way, this is a grand life," conceded the giant child. "You see those kids covered with *korosta*, *chesotka*, or some other devilish-sounding skin disease that prevents them from sleeping and makes them pale as snow. Great Scott, the parents powder them with ashes and sprinkle them with holy water, and call it a cure! Then you come and see that the poor things need a good ointment and frequent bathing! You smear them with iodine and feed them on canned milk—you know, doc, they think this milk of ours is mixed with some miraculous medicine—and in no time, great Scott! you see their skin cleared like a spring sky, and when the cured kid smiles you see dimples instead of hollows. And they look at you forever after as if you were God Almighty. Gee, that's fine!"

His enthusiastic speech was interrupted by the sudden cry:

"Look out, 'Great Scott'—a snake!"

The reformer grasped his cane, but the large greenish reptile swiftly crawled into the house.

"We must clear the village of them," he decided.

The Polish doctor, who had listened to the conversation in silence, remarked in broken English that he would not advise them to start their reforms with snake-killing. There was a note of fearsome warning in his voice that struck Davidavi. He said to his assistants:

"You'd better postpone this snake hunting. There is some superstition about them. I am going to see the village conjurer and ask him all about the beliefs of the people. Then we will know safe ways of approaching them. In the meantime go around and find out how many cases of swamp fever they have in the village. We will start with feeding them quinine."

The sanitarians promised to do as he ordered. But after they had parted Davidavi heard the ex-barber muttering:

"I don't believe much in psychology. Me for carbolic acid!"

"And you are right, Nick," agreed "Great Scott;" "hygiene is the thing!"

II

Emerald-green swamps surrounded the hut of the *vajdelota*. Its red roof was dimly seen above the twisted white trunks of lilliputian willows, the only trees that could grow on the damp, shaking ground. In the gathering mists the roof looked like a gigantic top of some bright poisonous mushroom.

The old white-bearded *vajdelota*, with wax-yellow face and pronounced cheek bones, sat at the steps of his mushroom-like house feeding a young owl, a soft-feathered, big-headed bird that hissed like a snake on seeing newcomers. It lifted its bushy gray wings and folded them behind its head in the form of a fan. Its steady yellow eyes, bright and clear as transparent amber, watched their every movement.

The *vajdelota* put his pet into a crudely made wooden cage and asked quietly in singsong "Russified" Polish:

"What do you want here, my good folks?"

"Be in good health, little father," said the Pole, with a low, respectful bow. "I brought with me a foreigner who wanted to see the Great Adviser."

It was the profession of the hermit to give advice and suggestions. People would come to him from far-away villages to tell their troubles and disagreements. Being far away from "earthly things," having no riches to take care of and no wife to quarrel with, he had an impersonal, detached point of view that made him a prophet-like judge of human affairs.

He cordially shook hands with the newcomers and led them to his *hata*, which consisted of only one large, low-ceiled room with walls of darkened timber, decorated with horns, packs of scentful dry grass, wings of birds, and snake skins. A little dark-faced icon of the widely worshiped Virgin *Troeruchitza* hung in the corner, with a green image lamp flickering before it. Davidavi, on examining it, noticed with amazement that the picture had three hands.

"Is it a pagan idol?" he asked the Pole in French. He had heard that in some remote corners of Russia idol-worship still existed.

"Oh, no; all Lithuanians are Christians of the so-called Uniat Church, the Orthodox and Catholic religions combined. But I think this ancient image is the remnant of the past paganism, like the home snakes."

Davidavi then turned to the hermit and questioned him:

"The foreigner respectfully asks you

[1] A hair disease.

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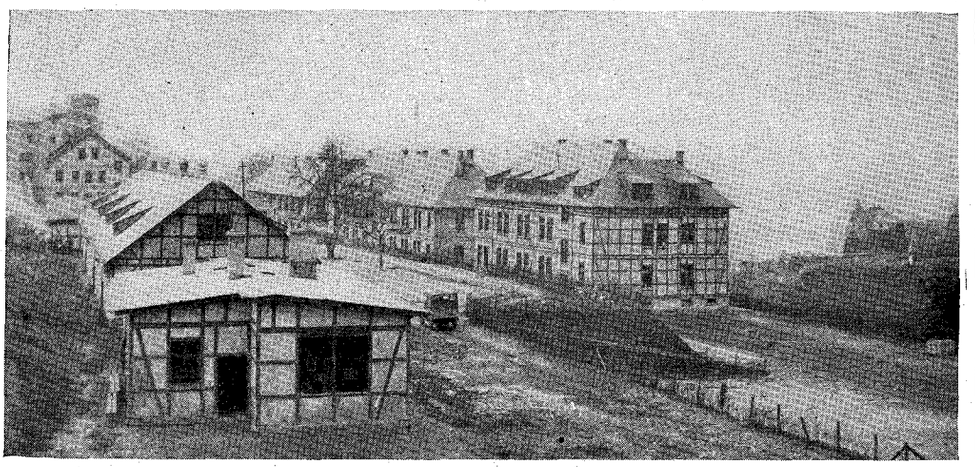
PICTURES FROM OUTLOOK READERS

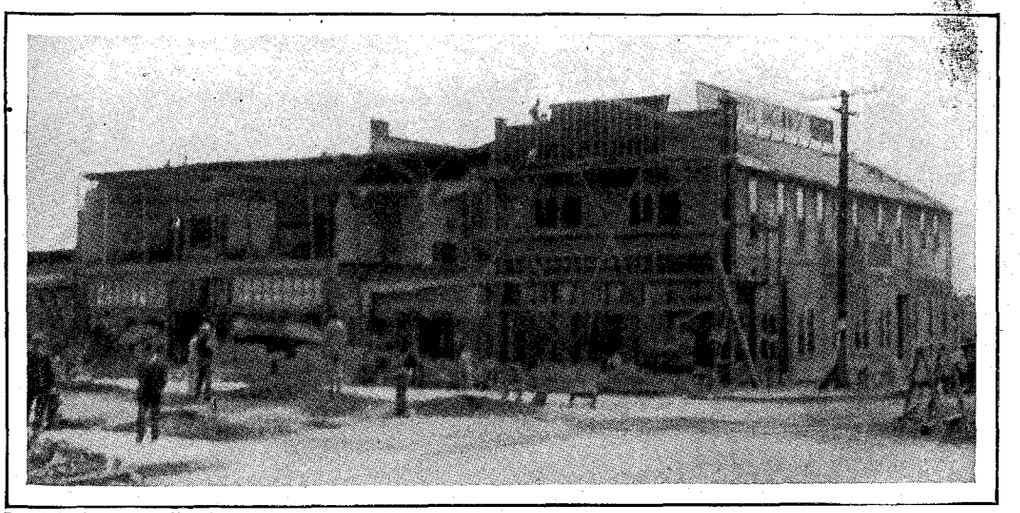
(See offer on page 685)



From Mrs. J. Lake, Saratoga, California

BARRACKS OF THE AMERICAN ARMY OF OCCUPATION AT COBLENZ, GERMANY

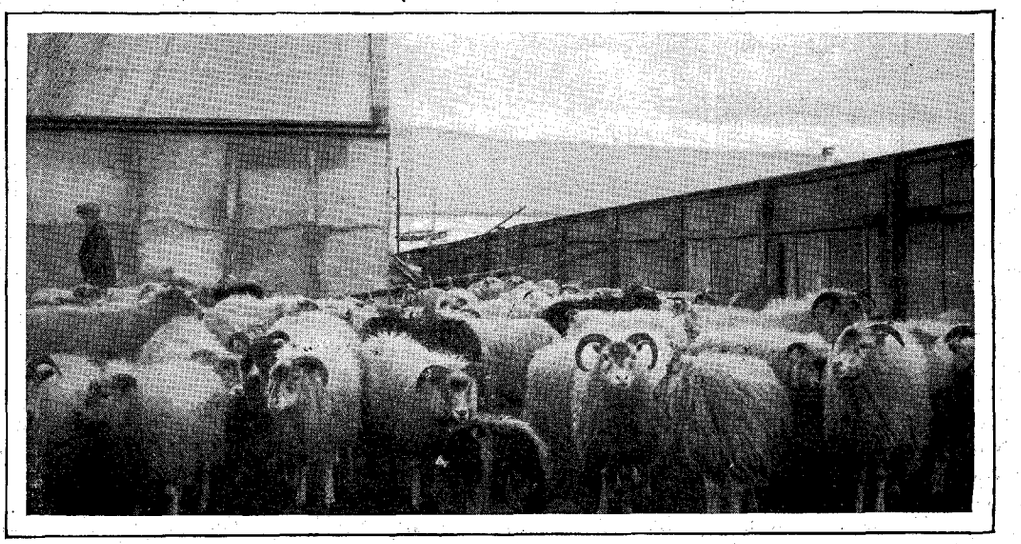
The photograph, we are informed, was taken by the sender's son, First Lieutenant F. W. Lake, of the First Engineers, now with the American Army of Occupation in Germany



From Fritzi Remont, San Francisco

AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE—INGLEWOOD, CALIFORNIA

"Eastern tourists may become frightened," says the sender of the photograph, "so we don't advertise our 'tremblors' unnecessarily lest we scare the pocket-enriching traveler away from our doors, but I can't resist sending this snap. The main street certainly looks like 'after the ball was over.' On one garage built of adobe, which withstood the shock, the enterprising contractor put up a sign, 'Hurrah! Adobe stood the Quake'"



From Elizabeth Taylor, Yealmpton, England

A FLOCK OF SHEEP IN ICELAND

The sheep in this photograph are young animals, we are informed, that are awaiting the great October slaughter. Both male and female sheep have horns, but those of the females are smaller. White is the usual color of these sheep, but some are spotted with brown, black, and gray. In some parts of Iceland the only fuel the people have is the dried dung of their flocks of sheep

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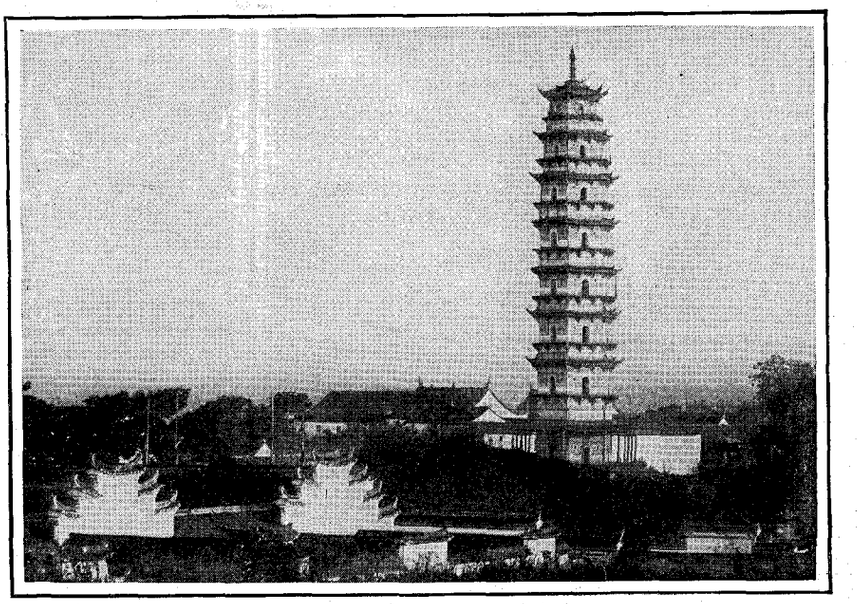
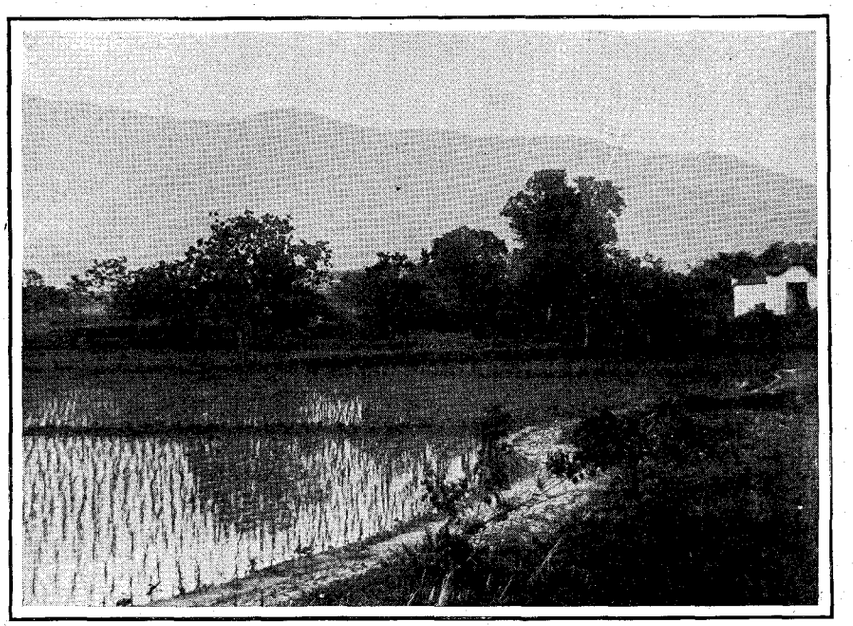
A PAGODA ERECTED TO PROPITIATE THE "SPIRITS OF THE AIR"

This tower is in the large city of Kinhwa (or "gold embroidery capital"). It is about 150 feet high, and was built probably two hundred years ago. Note the curious roofs of houses at the left



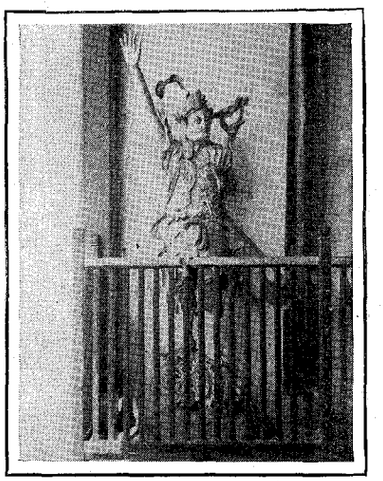


RICE-FIELDS JUST AFTER TRANSPLANTING

The rice is planted at first very thickly, and is later transplanted to "paddy fields" where there is room for it to grow. Note the attractive "rest-house" at the right

A TRAVELING RESTAURANT

In the pot at the left the rice or soup is cooked over a wood fire (the fuel is underneath). At the right are drawers in which provisions are kept, while a pail of water is below. The dishes are kept in a rack. When the customers have been served, the proprietor shoulders his restaurant and seeks new patrons



A "FAR-SIGHTED GOD" IN A KINHWA TEMPLE

This god is said to be able to see the sins of the people a hundred miles away. He is matched by a "far-hearing god" in the same temple, who hears misdeeds at a similar distance. It is said that these gods are rapidly becoming discredited in the new era that is now opening in China

THE MISSIONARY'S CHINESE HELPERS

The able cook (at the right) spoke no English, but soon mastered his duties and performed them in a most satisfactory manner. His wife acted as maid. The man received, in the happy days when this picture was made, before the world-wide rise in wages, seven cents a day for his services, the woman five

A MISSIONARY'S PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE PROVINCE OF CHEKIANG, CHINA

From Mrs. T. D. Holmes, Alfred, New York

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to explain to him the custom of snake keeping."

The hermit nodded in silent consent. He curtly pointed to the broad bench covered with wolf-skin standing behind a solid table, on which a loaf of bread and a jar of milk were always awaiting a hungry stranger who might ask hospitality.

Bending over the table, Davidavi heard from inside it a ticking noise as if a watch was concealed there. It was strange, for the table had no drawers. Following his inquisitive instinct, he pressed his ear against the table top. He heard clearly:

"Tik-tak! Tik-tak!"

"What is this?" he exclaimed.

"A hermit worm," was the quiet answer. He has lived here for many years, but I have never seen him. Sometimes I ask his advice, pressing my ears against his cell, even as you did just now. Then wise thoughts descend upon me. This creature is to me like an elder brother. I leave crumbs of cheese for him every night, but I suppose he lives only on wisdom."

If Davidavi heard such a thing in New York, he would burst into laughter. But here he scarcely had a desire to smile. The atmosphere of the hermit's room, with its strange smells and the idol-like Holy Virgin, the misty grove of hunchback trees before the little dimmed window, the moaning cry of a swamp bird outside, and the "tik-tak" of the unseen "living watch"—all these made his soul susceptible to the wildest suggestions. He would not have been surprised if the hermit worm had begun to talk or if the dried snake-skins, rustling from a slight draught, had turned into living snakes.

The bluish mists of the coming evening turned to deep violet. The hermit lit a thick wax candle and placed it on the window ledge—a sign for a wanderer who might be lost in the swampy grove. Then he began to talk about snakes—the patrons of the home.

Davidavi learned that they had been in great power before Lithuania was baptized by the first Polish-Lithuanian King, Jagello. Now they remained in homes like dethroned kings, being respected and fed with milk. They were supposed to protect the home from fires, and the children with whom they slept from the evil eye. They devoured flies and poisonous insects and served as sanitarians, really protecting the children from diseases.

"Do you mean they were once gods?" asked Davidavi. He did not understand well the mixed Polish-Russian and Jmudz dialect of the hermit.

The old *vajdelota* looked at him whimsically:

"They remain what they were," he said, impressively. "'The slain here is still a hero, and the dethroned king is still a king,' as the saying goes."

The three men spent all the evening talking about the ancient customs of Litva and the new civilization of America, which seemed no less miraculous to the hermit than the snake tale to the American. When they remembered the time, it was too late to return to the village, and the guests were asked to spend the night in the hermit's hut. Davidavi fell asleep immediately after he stretched himself on the wooden bench, with the wolf's head for a pillow.

For the first time since he came to Lithuania he had a dream. Usually he slept like a log—he was too healthy for dreaming. But that night his nerves were strongly impressed. The mystic vision of a divine snake crawled into his brain. It was a kingly-looking reptile, with glittering greenish-gray body and blazing red eyes. It sat on the top of his drawer chest, which turned into a carved throne. There was a heavy golden crown on its slant head and a misty halo above it.

"Don't despise the beliefs of the people," orated the crowned reptile. "First try to understand them."

On waking Davidavi heard these words pronounced by his own lips. It was his subconscious mind preaching to his sober, logical, day-time self.

Davidavi returned to the village early in the morning, leaving the Pole and the conjurer engaged in an endless discussion concerning women-wolves. On the main street he saw a group of peasants with grave faces, carrying heavy axes on their shoulders.

"God help you, good folks," he said, the traditional Russian greeting. "Are you going to chop wood?

The peasants did not answer the greeting. They passed him in ominous silence.

The alarmed Davidavi turned back and followed them with uneasy heart. He saw them approaching the lodging-place of his assistants. The two sanitarians stood on the threshold, pale and trembling, with a half-puzzled and half-terrified look in their sunken eyes. Davidavi guessed that they must have spent a sleepless night.

Noticing the doctor, they ran toward him, followed by the armed peasants. "Great Scott" cried from afar:

"Nick found a whole nest of snakes in his bed. We couldn't stand that. We killed them with the handles of our revolvers, and somebody saw it, and the family raised a row. Great Scott, I don't know what they are going to do to us now!"

The peasants stood around the two perplexed sanitarians in a close ring. With their heavy axes glittering in the rising sun they resembled the ancient lictors, the merciless executors of justice.

They held a brief counsel, then the oldest peasant resolved:

"We can't harm the strangers who asked for our hospitality. Remember, the head of a guest is sacred. *Gost V dom—Bog V dom.*[1] But we will ask them to leave the village."

"You want them to go unpunished," cried a young fellow with ferocious yellow eyes that reminded Davidavi of the hermit's owl, "after they killed the patrons of the home? I am not going to allow it. I must leave red marks on their heads."

He moved threateningly toward Nick. The little barber swiftly drew out his revolver, but Davidavi jumped between him and the vengeful Lithuanian. He said nothing, but the expression of his face implored them to abandon hatred.

He stood silent a moment, trying mentally to string a few hard foreign words into an orderly and convincing speech, but he never delivered it. Before he opened his mouth Adas, the barefooted Lithuanian boy, emerged from behind the hut, dragging his *waj* after him as if it were a lifeless rope.

"Did you bring me the snake's skin?" he singsonged in Polish with a soft Russian accent.

Davidavi smiled at him. He had a remarkable smile. It was quick and bright, like a streak of sunshine through dark clouds. It was partly this smile that gained his popularity among the gloomy natives. People seldom could resist it. Now, when he glanced around, he saw on the grave faces the slight reflection of his smile.

The boy shoved his sunburned little hand into the doctor's pocket. The snake crawled nearer and confidently coiled itself around his boots.

The peasants stood motionless, looking at the idyllic group—a smiling foreigner, a boy clinging to his hand, and the snake embracing his feet. Then the old peasant said:

"Don't you see their chief is loved by children and snakes? Let them go in peace."

The Polish doctor, who had returned in the afternoon from the visit to the *vajdelota*, had a heated argument with the village representatives. He explained that the sanitarians meant well, and their purpose was to clear the village from the reptiles they thought to be poisonous. He pointed out how much curing the foreigners had accomplished in the neighboring villages. After a long discussion "the favorites of snakes and children" were respectfully asked to stay.

That evening he and his two friends were invited to the house of the *starosta*, the oldest representative of the community. They were treated with sour cream, huckleberries, black bread, tea, and honey. Davidavi sat in the place of honor, under the dark-faced icon of the Holy Virgin in a heavy silvered frame. He held on his knees Adas—the proud possessor of a bright snake's skin—and was patiently explaining to the boy that the skin was just a pretty toy and had no miraculous power. He taught the child the simple rules for "being strong and healthy," and repeated them over and over again, in the monotonous voice of a conjurer expelling the demons of darkness from the people's brains.

"Why do you spend so much time lecturing to the little urchin?" asked "Great Scott."

"We must begin fighting prejudices with a new generation," answered Davidavi, and as he spoke his smiling eyes had the distant look of a dreamer who sees the remote future of all humanity.

[1] Guest in the house—God in the house.

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THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

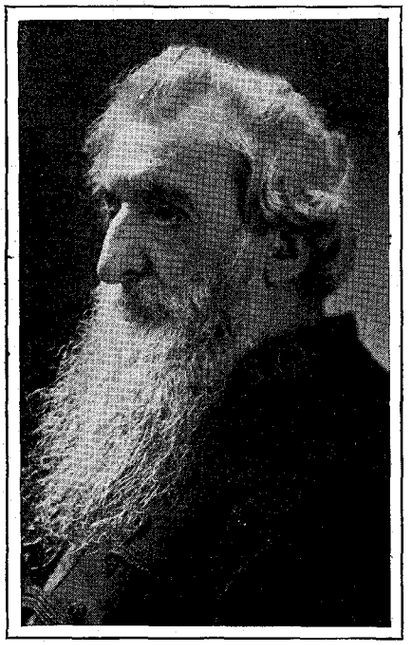
GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH[1]

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

MR. BEGBIE'S life of William Booth would be for the general reader twice as good if it were half as long. The author has been oppressed by the immense mass of his materials and has lacked the courage required to condense and to omit. And yet it is probable that thousands of the members of the Salvation Army will read every page of this life and cry for more. If some one taking this voluminous biography could prepare a life of William Booth of about the size of a volume of the "English Men of Letters," he would render a great service both to the reputation of the much-misunderstood General Booth and to the Christian Church, which would be much profited by a better understanding of him.

William Booth was born on April 12, 1829. His father was an unsuccessful business man whose disappointed ambitions were almost wholly materialistic. The son described him significantly but irreverently in the sentence, "My father was a Grab, a Get." He lost his money and died broken-hearted. His mother was probably of Jewish origin. After her husband's death she set up one of those little shops which the traveler is almost sure to see in any English town or village, perhaps wondering how the shopkeeper gets enough out of it to pay the rent. The boy was apprenticed to a pawnbroker because his father thought this business would give the son the best chance to make money; and in the first years of his life he was divided between a commercial ambition and a spiritual aspiration. "The three steady things in his mind were," says his biographer, "first, the determination to get on in the world; second, the ambition to work for political change; and, third, a longing to right himself with God." The longing to right himself with God was strengthened and intensified by his attendance on Methodist meetings, and particularly by the preaching of one evangelist by the name of Caughey, but the origin of his spiritual restlessness neither William Booth nor his biographer attempts to explain. "How I came," says Mr. Booth later, "to this notion of religion, when I saw so little of its character manifested around me, sometimes puzzles me." It was not, however, only his own lack of religion that oppressed him. He was made by his business familiar with poverty, and was burdened not merely by the material poverty but even more by the spiritual poverty which was constantly before him. He felt more and more the call of the streets; more and more he realized that spiritual poverty was the real cause of the wretchedness with which in his business he was continuously in contact; and this restlessness in himself and this realization of the wretchedness of others about him became at length an irresistible call to the ministry.

Mr. Begbie gives a graphic description of the moral and material degradation of England, and especially of London, in 1849. Humanitarianism was regarded as the hobby of a few fussy philanthropists; little concern was shown by the churches for the bodies of men. There was no system of national education; no idea of housing reform; no factory legislation; no provision for poverty but the poorhouse. There were voices crying out, sometimes with pity, sometimes with indignation, for reform—Dickens, Shaftesbury, Carlyle, Ruskin, John Stuart Mill, Cobden, and Bright; but none of these had the support of the churches, and none of them were inspired by any recognized and avowed religious motives. These reformers all addressed themselves to the cultivated and comfortable people of England. The voice which was to compel the attention of the English



GENERAL BOOTH

people to conditions at once shameful and dangerous came, curiously enough, from an evangelist whose education had been in the pawn-shop.

William Booth was able afterwards to fix on the day when this change in his life from the pawn-shop to the pulpit took place, a change which was to have so extraordinary an influence on the religious life not only of England but of the world. A Methodist minister offered him financial support for three months if he would devote himself to preaching. The youth accepted the offer, notified his master of his purpose, packed his portemanteau, and went out to begin a new life. Three things, he afterward wrote, marked this day: It was Good Friday; it was his birthday; and "most important of all was that on that day I fell over head and ears in love with the precious woman who afterwards became my wife." Catherine Mumford became not only a devoted wife and an inspiring companion but a wise counselor, and by her wisdom and devotion earned the title of "Mother of the Salvation Army." Mr. Begbie characterizes her in a few sentences as "an able, masterful, and brilliant young woman, who delighted in table controversies, who was somewhat proud of her logical adroitness, and was able, brilliant, daring, and righteous to a fault; but one doubts if her heart at that time had asserted its equal partnership with her brain."

William Booth, before formally entering on the ministry, had attracted attention in the Methodist Church by occasional and not infrequent lay preaching, and was from the first a real though somewhat rude and unconventional orator, who moved his audiences by his profound conviction, his passionate faith, and his power of dramatic interpretation. His theology he had imbibed from the Christian Church of that epoch. "This earth occupied the central place in the stellar universe; man, created in perfection, had chosen sin and had rejected God; God, in his mercy, had visited and redeemed man; man had it in his power, every man, to accept or to disdain that redemption; everlasting happiness would be the lot of those who accepted, everlasting misery the lot of those who rejected, the divine mercy." "This was," says his biographer, "the absolute and indubitable theology of the whole of Christendom."

The preachers of that time believed that they believed it; but William Booth realized it, and in his preaching it was apparently simplified to this: The human race is in rebellion against God; Jesus Christ has come to conquer that rebellion; Christianity is war against the devil and all his works; the duty of every individual is to lay down the weapons of his rebellion and join the forces of Christ; and the duty of the preacher is to call for recruits. What he sought after was the rescue of human life from the degradation and misery which were the results of the revolt against God and the rejection of God's law and God's love.

This applied Christianity he pressed home upon audiences with passionate earnestness and with dramatic power. His biographer quotes an account which General Booth has given of one of his earliest sermons:

> I described a wreck on the ocean, with the affrighted people clinging to the masts between life and death, waving a flag of distress to those on shore, and, in response, the lifeboat going off to the rescue. . . . I reminded my hearers that they had suffered shipwreck on the ocean of time through their sins and rebellion; that they were sinking down to destruction, but that if they would only hoist the signal of distress Jesus Christ would send off the lifeboat to their rescue. Then, jumping on the seat at the back of the pulpit, I waved my pocket-handkerchief round and round my head to represent the signal of distress I wanted them to hoist.

One reads this account without a thrill, perhaps even with amusement; but if the reader had been one of an emotional audience under the spell of this orator's passionate faith and believed that this grotesque act was the natural expression of the orator's genuine feeling, it would not seem to him grotesque.

Crowds flocked to hear this new preacher. The Methodist chapels would not hold them. Scores crowded to the altar to seek for prayers or to confess themselves converted. Young Booth went to London to pursue some studies better to fit himself for his life-work, but the call of the congregations followed him and proved irresistible. Doubtless the peculiar fascination of an audience for a born orator attracted them; but far greater was the impelling power of the young preacher's faith that really the world of men were doomed to perish in an endless conflagration unless they were rescued by the instant and energetic efforts of

[1] The Life of General William Booth, the Founder of the Salvation Army. By Harold Begbie. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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individuals who had been already rescued. Inspired by that faith, he could not refuse to respond to the calls which came to him from many quarters. His sermons were not merely dramatic, they were well thought out. He wrote to Catherine Mumford, thanking her for a sermon outline which she had sent him, and asked for more: "I want a sermon on the Flood, one on Jonah, and one on the Judgment. Send me some bare thoughts; some clear, startling outlines. Nothing moves the people like the terrific. They must have hell-fire flashed before their faces, or they will not move." This request indicates what was always the purpose of his preaching: it was not to instruct men in the truth; it was to move them to instant decision.

No man can enter upon such an undertaking as that of General Booth in such a spirit as his without awakening strong opposition. The greatness of his spiritual ambition appalled some, the intensity of his faith rebuked others; some of his methods provoked not unreasonable criticism; the very greatness of his popular successes excited jealousy in his contemporaries. Greater than any of these obstacles, perhaps greater than all combined, was the coldness of the churches and the hardness of the world. "If," says Mrs. Booth, writing to her mother, "the present effort disappoints us, I shall feel quite tired of tugging with the churches and shall insist on William taking a hall or theater somewhere. I believe the Lord will thrust him into that sphere yet. We can't get at the masses in the chapels." Her prophecy was fulfilled. The Methodist Conference decided to recall him from the work of an evangelist and assign him to a circuit. He left the Methodist Church, went to London, and started there the "Christian Mission." It appears to have been a purely individualistic enterprise; where the funds came from is not clear. Out of this Christian Mission, which continued its work in London for a year or two, grew by a natural process the Salvation Army.

Having once laid off the harness of the Church, William Booth never took it on again. At one time prominent dignitaries desired to make an alliance with the Salvation Army, so that it would become, if not a branch, at least a recognized instrument, of the Church of England. But this would have required a tacit, or at least an apparent, recognition of the principle that acceptance of the two historic creeds of Christendom and of the two sacraments, Baptism and the Lord's Supper, was necessary to complete acceptance of Christianity.[1] To this General Booth would not consent. Many, probably most, of the crowd were gathered from the slums. To them the sacraments were obstacles, not aids, to the Christian life. Mr Booth's attitude toward the sacraments was the attitude of Paul toward circumcision: neither Baptism and the Lord's Supper nor the absence of Baptism and the Lord's Supper profiteth anything, but a new creature in Christ Jesus. Though Mr. Booth had been baptized and doubtless had often partaken of the Lord's Supper, his study of the Bible convinced him that neither Baptism nor the Lord's Supper was required by Jesus Christ, and he would not require them of his converts, although he cordially assented to their voluntary use by those who desired them. But neither did kneeling for prayer and professed Christian conversion satisfy him. He wanted to see a changed life, and often he did not see a changed life. Gradually experience drove him to the conclusion that the only way in which he could lastingly change men and women was to make them from the moment of their conversion seekers and savers of the lost. From almost the birth of the Salvation Army its two fundamental principles were: Work with men if you would work for them, and Work to make them Christian workers.

Mr. Booth had been in London over twenty years before the Christian Mission took on the name of Salvation Army and adopted substantially an army organization and General Booth assumed the title and the powers of a commander-in-chief. For ten years more it remained largely a recruiting organization, though carrying on important philanthropic work. Then the philanthropic work received a new impulse and a new importance.

Late one night in the year 1888 William Booth, returning to London from a campaign in the south of England, crossed one of the bridges on the Thames, and was thunderstruck to find sleeping there men and women in huddled forms on the stone benches. In the morning he greeted Bramwell, his oldest son, who had become his chief of staff and his understudy, with an imperious demand that something be done. "Do something, Bramwell," he cried, "do something. Get a shed for them, anything will be better than nothing; a roof over their heads, walls around their bodies." Almost simultaneously sentence of death from cancer was pronounced upon Mrs. Booth by the doctors after a careful consultation. Watching at the bedside of his dying wife, while the shelter and food depots which he had set up were inadequately meeting the demand of outcast humanity, he wrote what was to prove an epoch-making book, "In Darkest England." Upon its publication in 1890 I wrote in what was then the "Christian Union" that "the essential principle of this volume lies at the foundation of any effective and far-reaching philanthropy; this, namely, to use the waste of modern civilization in providing for the men and women whom modern civilization wastes."

By this volume William Booth knocked at the door of rich, comfortable, and complacent England, and pointed her to the beggar who lay at her threshold uncared for. The publication was the sensation of the hour. Its author met with a storm of abuse. He was declared to be untruthful, an exaggerator, an alarmist, a visionary, impracticable, demanding the impossible, seeking to cure the incurable, and at the same time he was denounced by Single-Taxers and Socialists for seeking only to alleviate what society ought to cure. He was even accused of being an ambitious self-seeker aiming to create an organization of which he would be the head and which would be dangerous to the state, a covetous self-seeker aiming to secure vast sums of money of which he could have the absolute control. Most important, or at least most prominent, among these accusers was Mr. Huxley, whose extraordinary charges the curious reader can find to-day in one of the volumes of his Essays. A committee of prominent Englishmen investigated the administration of the "Darkest England Funds," and reported in detail the careful, thorough, and adequate provisions which had been made against any misappropriation of money. I do not think it necessary to give more attention to this transient, heated, and sometimes violent campaign of calumny. It burned itself out in less than a score of years.

"In Darkest England" was published in 1890. In 1905, fifteen years later, the Freedom of the City of London was presented to General Booth, together with a subscription of one hundred guineas to the funds of the Salvation Army, and he lunched with the Lord Mayor and a select company. It was characteristic of the man to take advantage of this occasion to make a plea, not for himself nor for the Army, but, to use his own words, "for the drunkard, the harlot, the criminal, the pauper, the friendless, the giddy, dancing, frivolous throngs." A little later he was asked to be a vice-president of the Bible Society and was given the degree of D.C.L. by the University of Oxford. His visits to America during these later years of his life were an ovation. At the request of royalties, he had interviews with the sovereigns of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, with the Emperor of Japan, with Queen Alexandra, with the Dowager Empress of Russia, with the Prince and Princess of Wales in England. I imagine that of all these receptions and testimonials two must have pre-eminently impressed him: one, a letter from the well-known skeptic Goldwin Smith, who wrote, "It is a signal testimony to the spiritual power of the founder of Christendom that so many centuries after his death such a work should be done under his inspiration and in his name;" the other, the popular reception given to him in Japan, a feature of which were two prayer-meetings in which no less than five hundred people came on to the stage, seeking with cries and tears the salvation of God.

To the end of his life General Booth continued a profoundly religious man. He lived and died believing that the salvation of society depended on the salvation of the individuals of whom society is composed, that men would never be brought into right relations with each other unless they were first brought into right relations with God. But as he grew older his creed became simpler. In his speech to the Lord Mayor of London delivered in 1905, when he received the Freedom of London, he defined, not indeed the creed, but the religion of the Salvation Army in terms which not all Christian believers would regard as adequate, but to which it is scarcely possible that any Christian believers could object as erroneous:

> The religion of the Salvation Army is very simple; any one can understand it. It says to a man, "You must worship God, consecrate yourself to his service, and do what you can for the benefit of those who are around you. You must be good and true and honest and kind and do all you can for the benefit of your family and friends. You must persevere as the days go by, and so shall you have a peaceful dying-bed and a blissful immortality."

Having exerted perhaps as wide an influence on the religious thought and life of the world as any man in his time, he died in England in the eighty-fourth year of his age, honored by his country, revered by his followers, and beloved by his friends. There might well be inscribed upon his tombstone as the motive of his life the words, "A friend of publicans and sinners."

[1] In 1833 the High Church party in the Church of England had agreed upon the statement "that the only way of salvation is the partaking of the Body and Blood of our sacrificed Redeemer, that the means of this is the Holy Sacrament of His Supper, and the security for the due application of this is the Apostolical commission." See "John Keble: A Biography," by Walter Loch, M.A.

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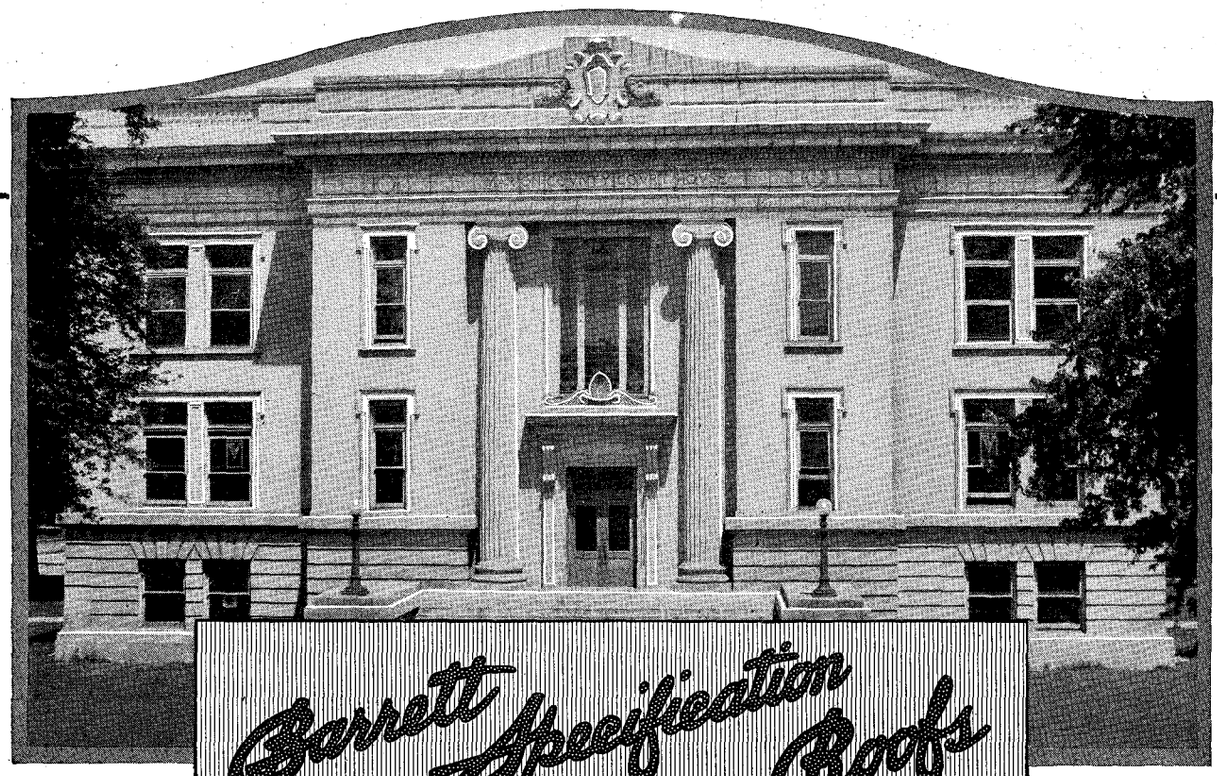

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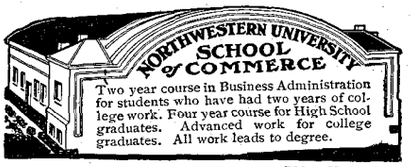
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WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

I read with interest and sympathy Mary Heaton Vorse's sketch called "Aliens" in your issue for May 5. It is no doubt a true picture of a lamentable condition in our great industrial centers. It is unquestionably a fact that tens of thousands of our citizens are sacrificed in just that way every year—intellect dwarfed and ambitions thwarted.

But there is implied in this truly touching article a very great injustice to our American institutions against which I wish to raise a protest through your paper, which published the article.

The implication is that this Slavic family suffered deprivation and disappointment because the parents were foreign-born. Such is not necessarily the case at all. Any family, of whatever stock, would have had a similar experience if the father had married so early in life that he was qualified to do nothing but manual labor to earn a living for his rapidly increasing family. It takes many years of preparation to escape the treadmill of life, and there is no country in the world where a man, starting with nothing, can assume the burden of a constantly increasing family at the age of twenty, or thereabouts, and hope to make anything more than a bare living, unless he has unusual money-making gifts. This is a universal fact, and not one which applies only to our foreign-born.

If this fine family of Slavs which Mrs. Vorse describes had not been so large—if there had been three or four children instead of eleven—the individual members need not have been sacrificed to grim necessity.

If the gifted son John had resisted the impulse to marry at twenty, he could have made a more independent place for himself in the industrial world and could have helped his younger brothers and sisters to ascend the industrial ladder, as I have seen it done by the eldest son or daughter in many an American home.

The implication that he was balked in his ambitions because he was an alien is not true. He was balked because he assumed too early in life burdens which *no man* can assume and hope to rise, and because he aligned himself, willingly or otherwise, with the malcontents of the steel industry.

Any other doctrine than this is grossly unfair to our institutions and is a dangerous doctrine to teach our foreign-born citizens, most of whom comprehend our ideals but poorly at the best.

I am one of a large family of pure American stock who grew up in what might be termed poverty. After the birth of the fifth child the heads of my family realized that they could not cope with city conditions and they retreated to Minnesota and bought a farm, though my father had no money and no farming experience. We had "the blue sky and the green fields about us." We also had a heavy mortgage on the farm, which was never paid in full until the farm was sold thirty years later. We had such education as we could get in our home, in a country school, and in a small academy in a near-by village. All the rest we had to do for ourselves. The sons were not permitted to be sacrificed to the farm; hence the unpaid mortgage. Four of the six "worked their way" through college without assistance, and by alternately helping each other all of the ten sons and daughters got the advanced training necessary to a comfortable

The Outlook

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WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?
(Continued)

and comparatively independent place in life.

No one of the sons was able to marry until he was well past thirty years of age. The daughters married at about twenty-five.

The history of this family is not unusual. Similar instances are innumerable and are being enacted at the present time all over our country.

So I protest that our great "class of the submerged"—the gifted foreigner class—is not necessarily being victimized by the great industries. Much depends upon the individual. The opportunity is surely here if he has eyes to see it and judgment and courage to fulfill the conditions. The opportunity is not given without restrictions. It calls for vision and patience and self-restraint. He cannot yield to an early impulse to assume the care of a family. That must wait, as a reward for his years of endeavor and earnest preparation.

Mrs. Vorse has given one side of the picture.

This is the other side—and it surely is essential to study this side and to present it for the consideration of our millions of laborers who are too quick to attribute all their misfortunes to the rapacity of capital.

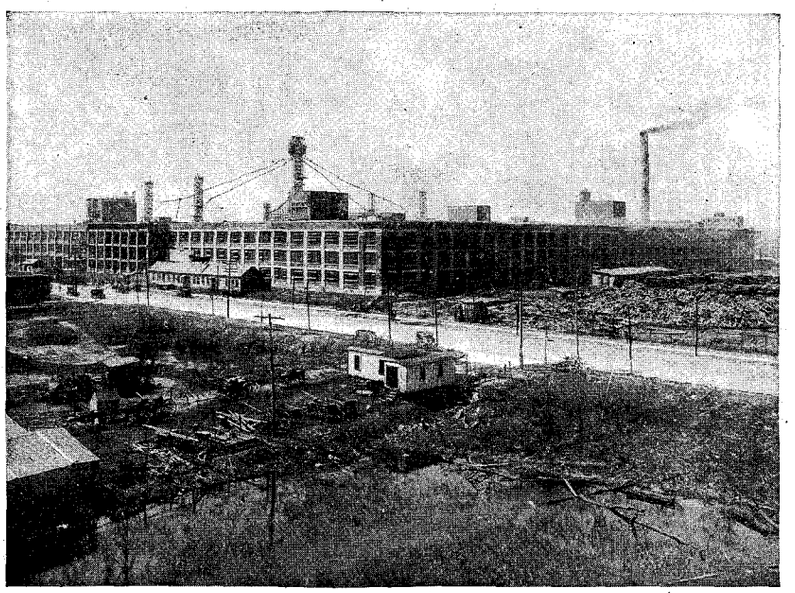
GRACE S. BURNS,
Matron of Shoemaker Hall.
St. Cloud, Minnesota.

A BRITISH ARGOSY

BY H. T. SUDDUTH

The days of Spanish galleons carrying to Spain the gold and silver of Peru and Mexico and the wealth of the East and the West Indies are recalled by the news item the other day which told of the shipment of $200,000,000 worth of gold from Hongkong landed at San Francisco and deposited by the British Government in the Federal Reserve Bank of that city. No such large shipment of gold has been known in recent times, and this British argosy will help to bring the pound sterling and the American dollar upon speaking terms again. Lloyd George recently gave expression to the hope that the time would soon come when the English pound sterling "could look the dollar in the face;" and this large shipment will go quite a long way in producing that desirable relation between the money standards of the two great English-speaking nations of the world. The amount of gold thus transferred by the British Government to the United States would weigh about two hundred and fifty tons, and this is only one, though possibly the largest one, of similar transferrals in pursuance of the British Government's undertaking to pay off a given amount of indebtedness the current year and so help to stabilize exchange between the two countries. It is also stated that the whole question of the financial relations between England and the United States will soon be taken up by the two countries, a question which, as the "Pall Mall Gazette" says, "is one of great complexity, owing to our vast indebtedness to the United States and the indebtedness of many of our allies to that country." The action taken by the British Government in this respect is said to be due to the pressure upon the Government to effect the return of British securities pledged to America.

They Chose St. Louis



THIS $5,000,000 plant of the General Motors Company is one of almost 100 new plants, and a total of 15,000,000 feet of floor space, built in St. Louis in the last two years. In one industrial district alone new industries have been established costing more than $20,000,000 and employing 14,000 workers. The new factories built 8,000,000 feet of floor space, and the already established St. Louis industries expanded 7,000,000 feet.

Why were these big plants built in St. Louis? This general movement to the one point was not an aimless change of location, but was the result of a businesslike investigation of production and distribution advantages.

These industries spent millions of dollars in locating at St. Louis so as to be near the center of economic distribution, near the center of raw materials, and within easy reach of the markets in every direction. Twenty-six railroads and the Mississippi River carry their goods to all markets.

The business men of St. Louis are awake to the advantages of the city, and are seeking sixteen specific industries to manufacture goods for which there is a need and a profitable market in the St. Louis trade territory. These industries are:

Shoe laces and findings
Cotton spinning and textile mills
Dye stuffs
Steel and copper wire
Machine tools and tool machinery
Automobile accessories and parts
Drop forge plants
Tanneries and leather products
Malleable iron castings
Farm implements
Rubber products
Screw machine products
Locomotive works
Blast furnaces
Cork products
Small hardware

The booklet "St. Louis as a Manufacturing Center" gives details that will be interesting to you. A letter will bring it if addressed to

New Industries Bureau
St. Louis Chamber of Commerce
St. Louis, U. S. A.

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Advertising Rates: Hotels and Resorts, Apartments, Tours and Travel, Real Estate, etc., sixty cents per agate line, four columns to the page. Not less than four lines accepted. In calculating space required for an advertisement, count an average of six words to the line unless display type is desired.

"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, **including the address, for each insertion.** The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. Other words may be set in capitals, if desired, at double rates. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, **twenty-five cents** is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered. Special headings appropriate to the department may be arranged for on application.

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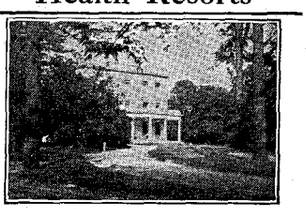

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AGENTS. Mason sold 18 sprayers and autowashers one Saturday. Profits $2.50 each. Square deal. Particulars free. Rusler Company, Johnstown, Ohio.

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381 Fourth Avenue, New York

To Readers of The Outlook

The Outlook is anxious to secure for republication the most representative cartoons. We want the cartoons which appeal to our readers as vital expressions of popular movements and public opinion. Won't you help us in our effort to secure such cartoons by cutting out the strongest drawings of cartoonists in your local papers and pasting one of the attached coupons on the back of each clipping? Then send your selection to the Cartoon Editor of The Outlook.

The Outlook is equally anxious to secure unusual news photographs; photographs which cannot be secured from the commercial photographers. If you have any photographs of local objects or events which appeal to you as of more than local interest, we hope you, as a friend and reader of The Outlook, will send them along to the Photograph Editor of The Outlook. Fill out and attach a coupon to the back of each photograph you desire to submit.

As an experiment we propose publishing these photograph and cartoon coupons in successive issues of The Outlook for a period of some weeks. No cartoons or photographs will be considered which are sent to us otherwise than in accordance with this notice. We are forced to make this a rigid rule as only by this method can we assure to our readers and friends that their photographs will be properly cared for and their cartoons given attention in the order of their arrival. We will pay for such cartoons and photographs as we use in accordance with the agreements printed on the coupons.

THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City

To the Cartoon Editor of The Outlook:

The attached cartoon is clipped from the ..... of the following date ..... . If this particular clipping is selected for reproduction in The Outlook, I will accept One Dollar as payment in full for my service in bringing this cartoon to the attention of The Outlook. I agree that if this clipping is not used it will not be returned nor will its receipt be acknowledged.

Name.....

Address.....

To the Photograph Editor of The Outlook:

The attached photograph is the property of the undersigned and is submitted for publication in The Outlook. Postage is enclosed for its return if unavailable. It is my understanding that The Outlook agrees to pay $3 for this photograph if reproduced as a half-page cut, or smaller, and $5 if reproduced in larger size than a half page. Enclosed herewith is a brief account of the object or event depicted in the attached photograph, which The Outlook is at liberty to use as it sees fit. My name and address are as follows:

Name.....

Address.....

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RAILWAY traffic inspectors earn from $110 to $200 per month and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. We train you. Positions furnished under guarantee. Write for booklet CM27. Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

MOTHER'S helper wanted about September 20. Love of children more important than experience. Fifteen minutes from New York. Write, stating age, references, and salary desired. 8,731, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, mother's helper, or experienced nurse maid to care for two children. Address 5919 Howe St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

NURSERY governess wanted in Connecticut to care for two children, boy five, girl 2½. Seashore summers, South winters. Must have had experience in this capacity and references. Answer, stating age, experience, and nationality. Address Permanent, 8,704, Outlook.

CHILD'S nurse. Active, healthy, capable, of refinement and good morals, for quiet all-year country home. Adequate salary for experienced service. Write for particulars, giving reference, experience, and salary desired. Also position open for experienced waitress-housemaid at good salary. For details address Mrs. S. B. Vernon, Auburn, Schuylkill Co., Pa.

WANTED—Woman of some experience to co-operate in housework and share home. Regular hours for duty, church, etc. House 10 rooms. Family two adults and two children. Mrs. W. E. Holland, 143 East Coulter St., Germantown, Philadelphia.

MOTHER'S helper of refinement and education in congenial home in New York City to assist in care of children 9 and 6 years and infant. Give references and state salary desired. 8,758, Outlook.

WANTED—Protestant housekeeper. Requirements: refinement, education, tact, and references. Family—parents, six children. In Boston suburb. Write Mrs. George Wigglesworth, 53 State St., Boston.

WANTED, after Sept. 15, couple to do housework, family of two, at Chestnut Hill, Pa. Good references required. 8,772, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED, before Sept. 1, woman of intelligence and refinement to assist with housework and be one of family living in Maplewood, N. J. Reply Mrs. O. G. Cocks, South Fairlee, Vt.

WANTED, immediately, two young women to work with other ladies as waitresses in tea house near New York. Positions permanent. Living conditions attractive. Salary good. 8,774, Outlook.

PLACEMENT BUREAU for employer and employee. Superintendents, housekeepers, matrons, mother's helpers, governesses, attendants, secretaries. 51 Trowbridge St., Cambridge, Mass.

HOUSEKEEPER. Wanted, refined young woman to assist with housekeeping. State religion, age, experience, and salary. Must be under forty years of age. Millett, Box 34, Station O, New York.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency. Albany, N. Y.

TEACHER for two boys 10 and 14 years of age to prepare them for advanced standing in Eastern preparatory school. Must be able to teach French and Latin. L. W. Adams, Ashland, Ky.

WANTED—In girls' boarding school, one hour from New York City, a visiting teacher for French. Hours 9 to 12.30. Send photograph, references, and all necessary information with first letter. State salary expected. 8,705, Outlook.

GOVERNESS TEACHER for seven-year girl; must have had special training with exceptional children. 8,721, Outlook.

WANTED—Teachers all subjects. Good vacancies in schools and colleges. International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

COMPETENT governess, not over forty (French preferred). Entire charge boy aged nine years. Teach English, assist piano practice. Must have cheerful disposition. Reply, stating age, experience, and references, Box 248, Narragansett Pier, R. I.

HELP WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—An experienced nursery governess (American) for three girls, 6, 9, and 11 years old respectively, all of whom attend school during the winter. State experience, references, and salary desired. Mrs. Albert W. Putnam, Highland Road, Rye, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

WANTED — Position as secretary-companion, for traveling or at home, for educated and adaptable woman. For further information address Mr. and Mrs. Morris Llewellyn Cooke, Germantown, Philadelphia.

SECRETARIAL position desired, preferably school or institution, by capable, well-educated woman, experienced typist, stenographer. 8,753, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as high school or children's librarian. Training and experience. Good references. West or South preferred. 8,762, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WIDOW, unencumbered, as traveling companion. 8,663, Outlook.

WANTED, by middle-aged woman, position as matron, housekeeper, or mother's helper. Institutional experience. 8,678, Outlook.

WOMAN of broad education and culture, with wide experience in supervision of young women in universities and conservatories, wishes a change. Credentials furnished. 8,737, Outlook.

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BY young woman, position as mother's helper in refined family. Experienced. 8,761, Outlook.

TO act as companion, by daughter of publisher. References. 8,765, Outlook.

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GOVERNESS for backward child. Can take full physical care of child. Experience. 8,699, Outlook.

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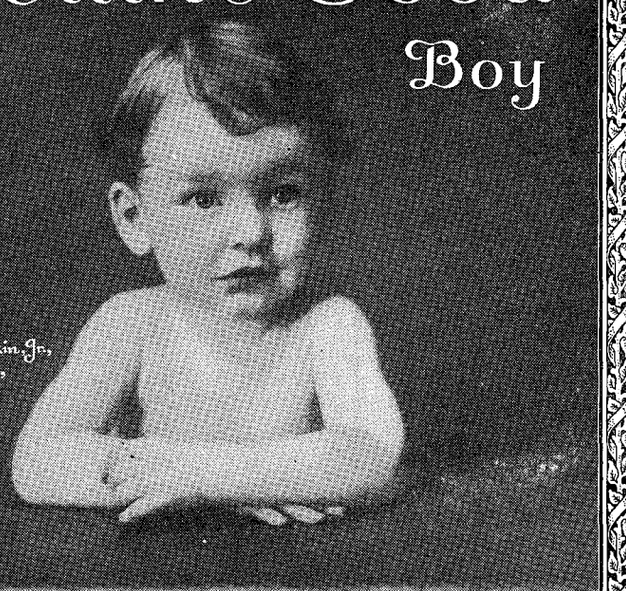

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The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 58, Springfield, Mass.
ESTABLISHED 1897 INCORPORATED 1904

BY THE WAY

"A regiment of Rhode Island National Guardsmen," says an exchange, "were holding rifle target practice within the confines of their native State early in the recent war. When the range was hiked to 1,000, an inaccurate doughboy shot high and killed a cow that was placidly grazing in the neighboring State of Massachusetts. The owner of the cow was very decent when he filed his bill of complaint, which eventually came to the official notice of the Rhode Island Adjutant-General. He wrote: 'I am glad to see that you boys in Rhode Island are indulging in the patriotic practice of rifle shooting. But for the sake of the rest of my live stock I would request that hereafter you please shoot lengthwise in your State.'"

A writer about "Pullmans" in "The Youth's Companion" has the ingenious idea of comparing the combined parlor cars to a mammoth hotel. The result, he declares, would be the equivalent of a hotel with 260,000 beds and 2,960 office desks at which 26,000,000 guests register every year. It has 8,000 Negro porters, owns linen worth $2,000,000, and uses $60,000 worth of soap a year.

From "Fliegende Blaetter:"

Conductor—"Can't you find a place? Listen! There's a chap in the front crying that he must come out or he will be suffocated. You can have his place."

From "London Opinion:"

Political Agent: "Well, Mr. McPherson, and how are you? And how is Mrs. McPherson? And the children, how are they?"

McPherson: "Thank ye, they're a' weel. But your man wull no' get ma vote even if ye wur tae speir hoo ma gran'mither was!"

Probably the record for large value in small compass was made by the single gram of radium, valued at $120,000, but sealed in a tiny lead tube for vest-pocket carriage, lately delivered by the United States Bureau of Standards to Arthur Roeder, a representative of the New York State Institute for Malignant Diseases. It constituted, so Mr. Roeder said, the total extracted from 125 tons of ore.

A Bible written by hand was lately exhibited in connection with a Bible crusade in England. This huge volume, five feet two inches in height and three feet six inches in width, was compiled of verses handwritten by 12,000 contributors. The King and Queen were among the contributors.

A "quiet place for a smoke" has been found by a reporter of the Kansas City "Star." It is a garage at Sun City, Kansas, where a sign in the workshop reads: "No Smoking Aloud."

An English writer talking about the proverbial Scotch caution repeats a story told him by Ian Maclaren. He was walking through Glasgow with an elder, when they met Dr. Bonar, a divine, who gave them kindly greeting. Ian Maclaren began to wax enthusiastic in praise of the saintly and highly venerated man. "Oh, aye," said the elder, "there's naething positively veecious aboot Doctor Bonar."

The humorist of the "Journal" of the American Medical Association believes in holding his angels down to earth with their footgear, whatever may be said of

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the rest of their wardrobe. He says: "It has been estimated that the fashionable woman's costume to-day weighs 3 lbs.:—Shoes, 2 lbs.; stockings, 1 oz.; skirt, 8 oz.; georgette blouse, 3 oz.; combination, 3 oz.; handkerchief, ½ oz.; war paint, ½ oz."

Among amusing mispronunciations or misapprehensions elicited from our readers by a recent paragraph in this column are the following:

"A Negro laborer 'down home' in Virginia said, 'I've got a fine physician now diggin' out systems.' He meant 'a fine position digging cisterns.'"

"Another Negro stated that he had been ''noculated for the celluloid'—meaning *varioloid*."

"A Negro pleaded in court concerning his opponent, 'He called me unfavorable names and I just naturally felt compulsed to hit him.'"

"Our 'queer' villager went to the circus, and when asked whether he saw the rhinoceros, answered, 'No, I didn't see no rhino-serious, but I saw 'the hop-on-Thomas' (hippopotamus)."

"A youthful pianist called the French national air 'The Mercerized Hymn.'"

"At the funeral of a very large man who had been greatly shrunken by a long illness, a mourner remarked, 'I never saw a man so emancipated in my life.'"

"The colored minister had preached an eloquent sermon on 'procrastination.' At the close of the service one of the members came to the pastor and said: 'Mistah, you's preached a powerful sermon; but what is procrastination?' The pastor replied, 'Procrastination am one of the fundamentals of the Presbyterian Church.'"

"The Secretary of the National Democratic Convention at San Francisco made the announcement that 'the citizens of Valley Ho invite the delegates to visit their city,' etc. He meant Vallejo (pronounced V-*lay*-ho). Laughter greeted the mispronunciation, but the Secretary, with ready wit, turned the laugh by saying, 'I can *walk* Spanish, but I can't *talk* Spanish.'"

"A neighbor came by a short cut to my house. I asked him which way he came. He replied, 'I came diagonically (diagonally) across.'"

"One evening the village schoolhouse was brilliantly lit up, and I asked the storekeeper what was going on. 'Oh,' was the reply, 'it's the *aloomini* who used to go there.'"

"The patient had been sent to the Psychopathic Hospital. I asked an Irish friend of the sick man to what hospital the invalid had gone. 'To St. Pathrick's Hospital,' was the reply"

"You mention a mispronunciation of 'dominant' as 'dormant.' In a club here a man spoke of the 'dormant' members of the organization as 'the door-mat members of our club.'"

"A woman in our place said she had ordered some butter by parcel post and that it came in a cartoon."

"As we entered a concert hall I heard one woman say to another, 'Are you sure you brought the passementerie (complimentary) tickets?' In the hall a man said to another, 'How do you like that new musical instrument, the eucalyptus?' (He meant the ukulele.) The friend replied, 'Eucalyptus? Why, "Eucalyptus" is not a musical instrument. It's a book in the Bible.'"

How well it pays

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All statements approved by high dental authorities

Millions of people are cleaning teeth in a new way. They are getting new results—results you envy, maybe. In every circle nowadays you see pearly teeth.

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They combat film

Dental science has found a way to combat film on teeth. And film causes most tooth troubles.

Film is that viscous coat—you feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices, and stays.

It is this film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Why old ways fail

The ordinary dentifrice cannot dissolve film, so brushing has left much of it intact. Thus millions of people have found that brushed teeth discolor and decay.

Now, after years of searching, science has found a way to combat film. Able authorities have amply proved its efficiency. Today leading dentists all over America are urging its daily use.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste made to meet every modern requirement. It has brought to millions a new era in teeth cleaning.

A ten-day test will show

Pepsodent proves itself. The results are clear and quick. So the policy is to send a 10-Day Tube to everyone who asks, and a book explaining all its unique effects.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed barred. But science has discovered a harmless activating method, so active pepsin can be every day applied.

Compare the results with old methods and let your teeth decide.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

You will be amazed. In ten days you will know the way to whiter, safer teeth. Cut out the coupon, else you may forget.

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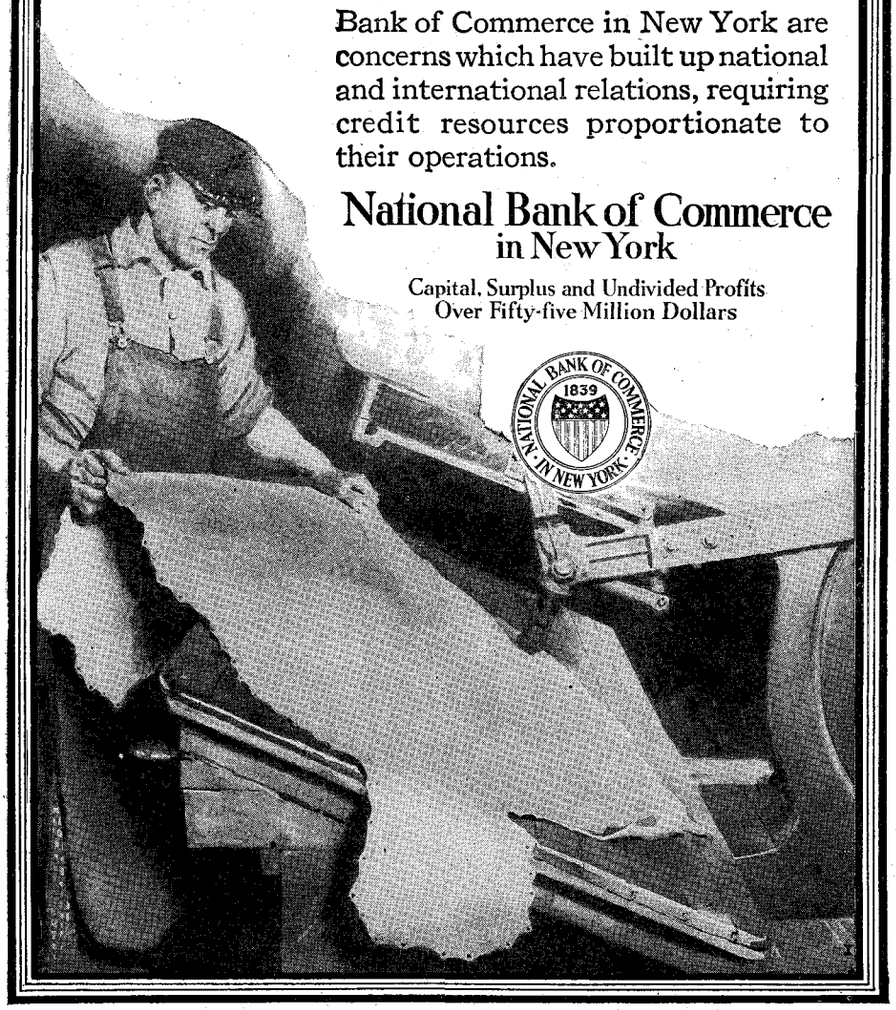

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"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD KIN"

A few weeks ago we published a story with a picture of the emaciated and starving children of Vienna, entitled "Wanted —Uncles for Hungry Children," in which was described the work which the American Relief Administration is doing for these sufferers. Outlook readers most generously responded from all parts of the country, and a really handsome sum was sent to the Relief Administration to provide boxes of food for these Austrian girls and boys who are the victims of a struggle in which they had no voice or hand. Letters are still coming in in response to this appeal. One of the most interesting which we have received is the following:

Dear Outlook:

We are brothers, one 11, and the other 13 years old. We were born in America. Our father was born in Austria; our mother in France; they are both dead. We are in a good home and have three good meals each day. We deliver papers after school, and save one dollar a month for spending money. We are sending two dollars to help feed the poor little children in Vienna. Will you see that this money goes for that purpose? We look thru The Outlook every week. We feel sorry for any boy or girl who has no good home and is hungry.

ALLEN FORBES.
CHARLES FORBES.

Can there be a more interesting illustration of the eternal truth which Shakespeare gave utterance to in the phrase which is used as the title of this brief article?

DO DOGS DREAM?

Dog lovers have given the dog almost all of the human attributes, but it is generally conceded that his acts are guided by instinct rather than by thoughts. Webster defines a dream as a series of thoughts not under the command of reason. If a dog dreams, he thinks. Does he dream?

We have all seen a dog asleep. Sometimes his muscles twitch and sometimes he even snarls; but I was not convinced that he really had dreams until a short time ago.

My husband and I were sitting in our living-room reading. Tag, our dog, a full-fledged member of our family, as any intelligent dog is, was out on the lawn asleep. He had not been off of the place that evening, as I had been out on the porch most of the time, and he was sleeping soundly in his favorite spot, a slight depression in the lawn that "just fit" when he curled up. I had been in the living-room but a few minutes when suddenly, with a yelp of joy that he always greets us with when we have been away, he came bounding up on the porch, and if we had been gone from him a year he would not have been any more demonstrative. He carried on so on the porch that we let him in, and, apparently wild with joy, he would bound from one to the other, race through the house, then back to us, more determined than ever to kiss us. Tag had had a dream, and there is no mistake about it. Our humble abode looked good to him that night. If he had ever been human enough to wish for a more stately mansion with private baths and attendants, he forgot all about it after his dream.

There is something about the affection of intelligent dogs that really touches our hearts. They obey us, love us, are faithful to the end, will follow us anywhere, and when they dream about us—well, we just naturally make a little more room in our hearts for them. M.

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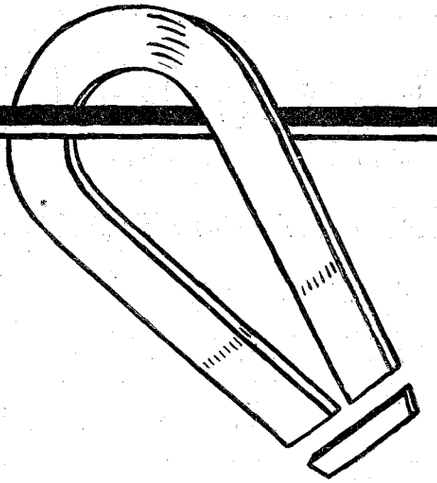

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The Only American who saw the Polish Third Army in Attack and Retreat

In next week's issue of The Outlook, Major Richard S. Davis, former air-comrade of Quentin Roosevelt, gives his crackling account of the capture and evacuation of Kiev.

If you rely upon news-stands for your copies of The Outlook, it is suggested that you place your order at once. It often happens that news-dealers are unable to supply the demand for The Outlook.

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381 Fourth Ave., New York

The Outlook

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To Readers of THE OUTLOOK

The Outlook is anxious to secure for republication the most representative cartoons. We want the cartoons which appeal to our readers as vital expressions of popular movements and public opinion. Won't you help us in our effort to secure such cartoons by cutting out the strongest drawings of cartoonists in your local papers and pasting one of the attached coupons on the back of each clipping? Then send your selection to the Cartoon Editor of The Outlook.

The Outlook is equally anxious to secure unusual news photographs; photographs which cannot be secured from the commercial photographers. If you have any photographs of local objects or events which appeal to you as of more than local interest, we hope you, as a friend and reader of The Outlook, will send them along to the Photograph Editor of The Outlook. Fill out and attach a coupon to the back of each photograph you desire to submit.

As an experiment we propose publishing these photograph and cartoon coupons in successive issues of The Outlook for a period of some weeks. No cartoons or photographs will be considered which are sent to us otherwise than in accordance with this notice. We are forced to make this a rigid rule as only by this method can we assure to our readers and friends that their photographs will be properly cared for and their cartoons given attention in the order of their arrival. We will pay for such cartoons and photographs as we use in accordance with the agreements printed on the coupons.

THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK,
381 Fourth Ave., New York City

To the Cartoon Editor of The Outlook:

The attached cartoon is clipped from the ..... of the following date ..... If this particular clipping is selected for reproduction in The Outlook, I will accept One Dollar as payment in full for my service in bringing this cartoon to the attention of The Outlook. I agree that if this clipping is not used it will not be returned nor will its receipt be acknowledged.

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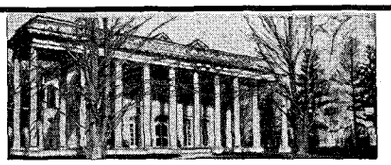

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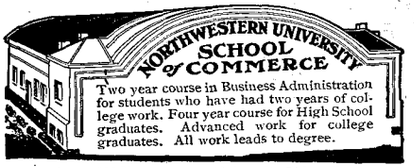
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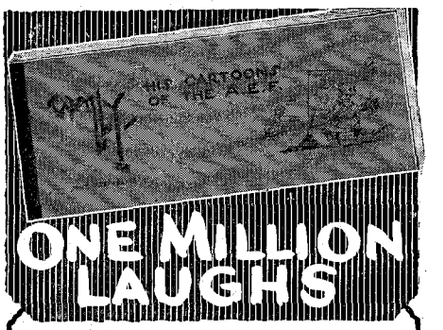

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